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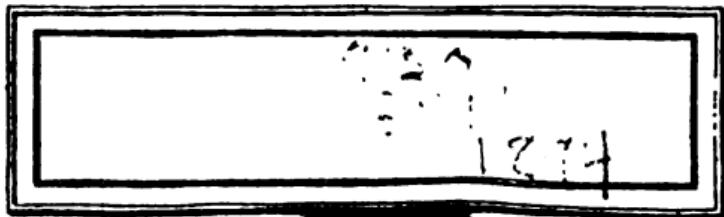
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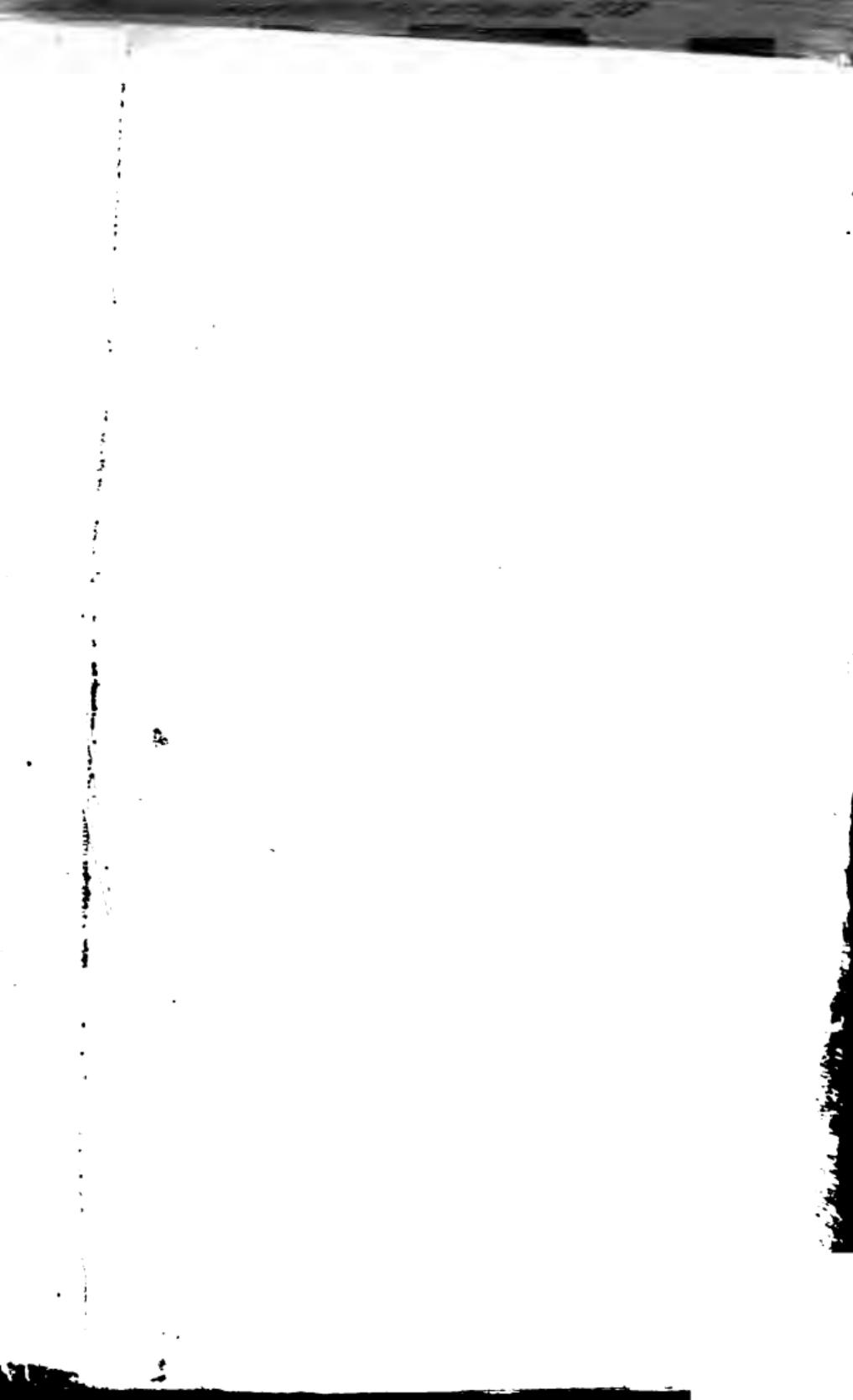
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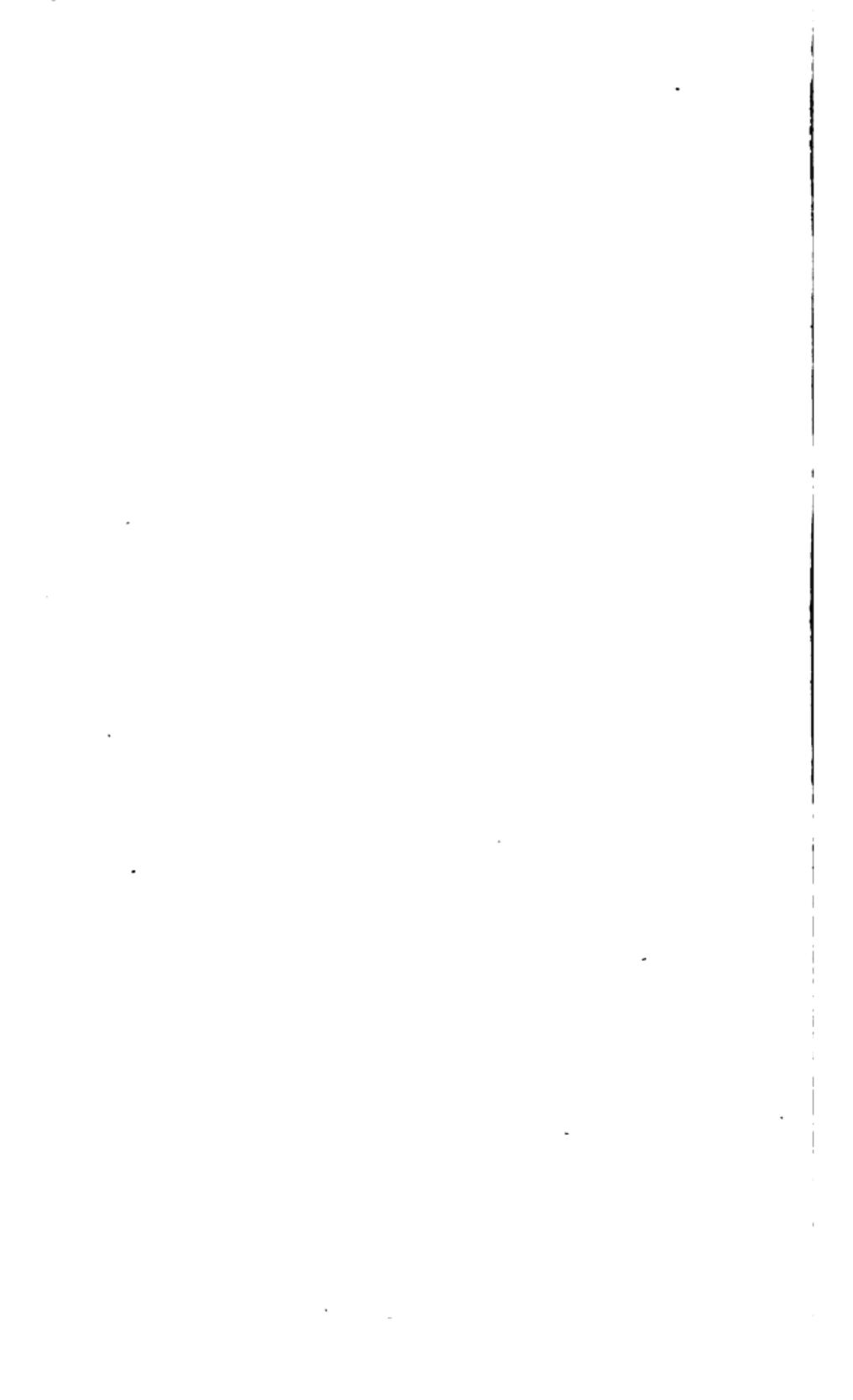
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*GREEN PASTURES.*



The Elizabethan Library.



Ringraziamento: Cap. 1

Il Signore Gesù, Ja l'ordi m'ha de' fessi staro  
di fessando gessare, puccendo m'cheinzo  
m'cheinzo amare, amando male m'ha fessi  
m'ha fessare. Tra donne d'esse m'ea  
cosa m'ha p'missionare, p'remissionare (Gesù)  
Scuola black & white, p'missionare, l'ordi Capo d'azza  
m'ha m'ha l'ordi m'ha l'ordi m'ha fessare  
m'ha m'ha, p'missionare, l'ordi m'ha fessare  
m'ha m'ha, p'missionare, l'ordi m'ha fessare

Alberto Grignani

# Green Pastures:

Being Choice Extracts from  
the Works of Robert Greene,  
M.A., of both Universities

1560(?) - 1592. Made by

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### INTRODUCTION.

From an Author so voluminous that his collective 'Life and Works' extend to no fewer than fifteen considerable volumes (in the 'Hutb Library'), the difficulty has not been to find materials for a volume of our Elizabethan Library, but what to select. For example, it was very soon discovered that some of his most characteristic writings must be left absolutely untouched, inasmuch as any one, e.g., of the Coney-catching Series, or of the Autobiographical Series, would alone overflow into two or more such volumes, so matterful are they, and so impossible is it to represent their highest qualities by brief extracts. In reluctantly but inevitably leaving these aside, I venture to say that no books contain more vivid word-pictures of English low-life in the reign of Elizabeth than do these. They are bitten in with marvellous Dutch-

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like minuteness of touch. As for his personal narratives of penitence and confession, I for one do not envy the man who can read them with unwet eyes. There is a burning truth, a pathetic integrity, a weird power about them that neighbour these sadly little known books with De Quincey's 'Confessions,' and reduce to commonplace those of Rousseau. The letters and appeals to his wife and evil associates thrill to-day the most fish-blooded reader. Only such a ghoul as Gabriel Harvey could doubt their sincerity. I indulge the hope that some readers of these words of mine, and of this booklet, will be stirred to seek access to the following (their title-pages summarily given):

#### I. CONEY-CATCHING SERIES.

- (a) *A notable Discovery of coofnage now daily practised by sundry lewd persons called Connie-catchers and Crosse-biters . . . 1591.*
- (b) *The second parte . . . 1591.*
- (c) *The thirde parte . . . with the new devised knavish art of Foole-taking . . . 1592.*

(d) *A Disputation between a Hee Conny-Catcher and a Shee Conny-Catcher . . . 1592.*

(e) *The Black Bookes Messenger, laying open the Life and Death of Ned Browne, one of the most notable Cutpurses, Croff-biters and Conny-catchers that ever lived in England . . . 1592.* Then must be read (*Works, vol. xi., pp. 39-104*) the attack on above books.

(f) *The Defence of Conny-catching, or a Confutation of those two injurious Pamphlets, published by R. G., against the practitioners of many nimble-witted and mystical Sciences . . . 1592.*

2. AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL SERIES.

(g) *Green's Groat's-worth of Wit, bought with a Million of Repentance . . . 1592.*

(h) *The Repentance of Robert Greene, Master of Artes . . . 1592.*

(i) *Greene's Vision, written at the instant of his death . . . 1592.*

To these must be added his numerous

*Epistles-dedictory and prefatory. They have all personal allusions of the most interesting sort. I should gladly have brought them together. I have been compelled to limit myself to a single example—the Epistle-dedictory to ‘Perimedes the Blacksmith.’ There is exceptional graciousness and daintiness of phrasing in all his Epistles.*

*After exclusion (speaking broadly) of the whole of these, there remain materials for at least five separate volumes equal to the present.*

*(a) APOPHTHEGMS AND APT SAYINGS, many of them long passed into proverbs, albeit certain were probably contemporary proverbs that were worked into the several books. Our few ‘handfuls of purpose’ will demonstrate how full a harvest might have been reaped in this field.*

*(b) THE PLAYS. Eheu! eheu! We have the mere ‘flotsam and jetsam’ of his prolific pen ‘for the theatre.’ But in the two volumes of his Works (xiii. and xiv.) his four surviving Plays abound in ‘brave*

*translunary things.' We have striven to present typical specimens. It was our good fortune to be the first to reclaim the extremely remarkable play of 'Selimus' for Greene.*

(c) *MANNERS, CUSTOMS, FASHIONS, games and sports, superstitions, town and country ongoingss, odd characters, feasts and festivals, etc., etc., find all but inexhaustible illustration in these pre-eminently manners-painting books. One wonders that so full a quarry has been so little worked. Compilers might have made their meagre pages rich from almost any one of the volumes enumerated. See vol. xv. of Works—Glossarial Index—special lists, etc., etc.; also under 'Actors and Players' in the present volume, which, à la France, are to be read between the lines.*

*Within our narrow limits we have (it is believed) furnished enough to make it clear that young Greene was no merely grotesque rival to young William Shakespeare. It*

lies on the surface that if only the 'wrecked life' had found a friend and helper in his (later) mighty contemporary, that is if co-operation had been sought—not antagonism—English literature should have been the certain gainer. We are so used to idolatrise Shakespeare because of his simply incomparable genius, that we shirk inquiring into his relations with his precursors and contemporaries. I for one feel satisfied that fuller knowledge of these would prove that for years, when feeling his way upward, Shakespeare was a very buccaneer in 'spoiling the Egyptians,' or unmetaphorically in turning to his own account the MS. writings of unfortunate contemporaries who were constrained to write for the theatres. On these and cognate matters I must refer the reader to Professor Storozhenko's 'Life' of Greene, with our annotations, which form vol. i. of the Works.

I would specially commend the *L'Allegro* and *Penseroso*-like bursts of musical song that will be found in this volume. The

(so-called) *Pastorals* have exquisite touches and finest-wrought rhyme and rhythm. The Love-songs are tender and passionate. The 'comic vein' is genuine. His patriotic standing-up for the 'common people' (e.g., in 'The Pinner of Wakefield') is historically most noticeable. Altogether I shall be disappointed if our 'Green Pastures'—the pun being permissible, as was Spurgeon's 'Stones from Ancient Brooks' (= Thomas Brooks, the Puritan)—be not welcomed as a pleasant surprise to be placed beside our 'Bower of Delight' of NICOLAS BRETON.

I close with a quotation from myself—  
'I must take this fresh opportunity of recalling that as the converse of Herrick's famous (or infamous) pleading, that if his verse were impure, his life was chaste, Greene's writings are exceptionally clean. Nor must he be refused the benefit of this in any judicial estimate of him. It is equally harsh and uncritical to say that this confessedly dissolute-living man wrote purely because it paid him to do so. It did no such thing.'

*It would have paid, and did pay, to write impurely, and as ministering to the unchaste appetite of readers for garbage. To his undying honour, Robert Greene,—equally with James Thomson,—left scarce a line that dying he need have wished “to blot.” I can’t understand the nature of anyone who can think hardly of Greene in the light of his ultimate penitence and absolute confession. It is (if the comparison be not over-bold) as though one had taunted David with his sin after the 51st Psalm’ (Editor’s Introduction to *Life: Works*, i., pp. xix-xx).*

*A. B. G.*



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### *ABATEMENTS.*

THE stiffest metal yieldeth to the stamp,  
the strongest oak to the carpenter's axe,  
the hard steel to the file, and the stoutest  
heart doth bow when Nature bids him  
bend. . . . There is no adamant such  
which the blood of a goat cannot make  
soft, no tree so sound which the scarab  
fly will not pierce, no iron so hard which  
rust will not fret, no mortal thing so  
sure which Time will not consume, nor  
no man so valiant which cometh not  
without excuse when Death doth call.  
The phoenix hath black pens as well as  
glistering feathers, the purest wine hath  
his lees, the luckiest year hath his cani-  
cular days. Venus had a mole in her  
face, and Adonis a scar upon his chin.  
There was sometimes thunder heard in  
the Temple of Peace, and Fortune is  
never so favourable but she is as fickle:

her prosperity is ever sauced with the four drops of adversity, being constant in nothing but in inconstancy. Scipio escaped many foreign broils, but, returning home in triumph, was slain with a tile. Cæsar conquered the whole world, yet was cowardly slain in the Senate. So Bonfadio. . . . (Morando: the 'Tritameron of Love' [1517], iii., pp. 51, 52.)



### *ABOMINABLE, ABHOMIN- ABLE.*

The desire of his fond affection so blinded his understanding that he paused not to pervert both human and Divine laws for the accomplishment thereof: no rules of reason, no fear of laws, no pricks of conscience, no respect of honesty, no regard of God or man, could prohibit him from his pestiferous purpose: for if laws had been of force, he knew his deed was contrary to all laws, in violating his sacred oath; of conscience, he knew it terrible; of honesty, he knew it most wicked; of

God or man, he knew it abominable in the sight of both ('Mamillia' [1583], ii., p. 118). [Nares annotates on this word: 'A pedantic affectation of more correct speaking, founded upon a false notion of the etymology; supposing it to be from *ab homine* instead of *abominor*, which is the true derivative. Shakespeare has ridiculed this affectation in the character of the pedant Holofernes: "They are *abominable*, which he [Don Armado] would call abominable" ("Love's Labour's Lost," v., 1). But it was not necessarily pedantic so to spell. As simple matter of fact, the word carried in it for long meanings correspondent with the double derivation.—G.]



### *ACTORS AND ACTING.\**

So highly were Comedies esteemed in those days [of Terence and Plautus in Rome], that men of great honour and grave account were the actors, the Senate and the consuls continually present as auditors at all such sports,

\* See Introduction.

rewarding the author with rich rewards, according to the excellency of the Comedy. Thus continued this faculty famous, till covetousness crept into the quality, and that mean men, greedy of gains, did fall to practise the acting of such plays, and in the theatre presented their Comedies, but to such only as rewarded them well for their pains. When thus Comedians grew to be mercenaries, then men of accompt left to practise such pastimes, and disdained to have their honours blemished with the stain of such base and vile gains: insomuch that both Comedies and Tragedies grew to less accompt in Rome, in that the free fight of such sports was taken away by covetous desires; yet the people (who are delighted with such novelties and pastimes) made great resort, paid largely and highly applauded their doings, insomuch that the Actors, by continual use, grew not only excellent but rich and insolent. Amongst whom in the days of Tully one Roscius grew to be of such exquisite perfection in his faculty, that he offered to contend with the orators of that time in gesture, as they did in eloquence; boasting that he could

express a passion in as many sundry actions as Tully could discourse it in variety of phrases: yea, so proud he grew by the daily applause of people, that he looked for honour and reverence to be done him in the streets: which self-conceit when Tully entered into with a piercing insight, he quipped at in this manner.

It chanced that Roscius and he met at a dinner, both guests unto Archias the poet, where the proud Comedian dared to make comparison with Tully; which insolency made the learned orator to grow into these terms: 'Why, Roscius, art thou proud with *Æsop's* crow, being pranked with the glory of other's feathers? Of thyself thou canst say nothing, and if the cobler hath taught thee to say *Ave Cæsar*, disdain not thy tutor because thou pratest in a king's chamber. What sentence thou utterest on the stage, flows from the censure of our wits, and what sentence or conceit of the invention the people applaud for excellent, that comes from the secrets of our knowledge. I grant your action, though it be a kind of mechanical labour, yet well done 'tis worthy of

praise ; but you worthless, if for small a toy you wax proud.'

At this Roscius waxed red and wrayed his imperfection with silence, but this check of Tully could not keep others from the blemish of that fault, for it grew to a general vice among the Actors, to excell in pride as they did exceed in excellence, and to brave in the streets as they brag it on the stage, so that they revelled it in Rome in such costly robes, that they seemed rather men of great patrimony than such as lived by the favour of the people. Which Publius Servilius very well noted ; for he, being the son of a senator and a man very valiant, met a day with a player in the streets richly apparelléd, who so far forgat himself that he took the wall of the young nobleman ; which Servilius taking in disdain, counterchecked with this quip, ' My friend (quoth he), be not so brag of thy filken robes, for I saw them but yesterday make a great show in a broker's shop.' At this the one was ashamed and the other smiled, and they which heard the quip laughed at the folly of the one and the wit of the other. Thus, sir,



[=judged], I tell you, you would be taken for a substantial man. So am I where I dwell (quoth the Player), reputed able at my proper cost to build a windmill. What though the world once went hard with me, when I was fain to carry my playing fardle [=bundle] a-footback. *Tempora mutantur*, I know you know the meaning of it better than I, but I thus construe it. It is otherwise now; for my very share in playing apparell will not be sold for two hundred pounds. Truly, said Roberto, it is strange, that you should so prosper in that vain practice, for that it seems to me your voice is nothing gracious. Nay, then, said the Player, I mislike your judgment: why, I am as famous for Delphrigus and the king of Fairies as ever was any of my time. The twelve labours of Hercules have I terribly thundered on the stage and placed three scenes of the devil on the highway to heaven. Have ye so? (said Roberto), then I pray you pardon me. Nay, more (quoth the Player), I can serve to make a pretty speech, for I was a country Author, passing at a moral, for it was I that penned the moral of

man's wit, the Dialogue of Dives, and for seven years' space was absolute interpreter of the puppets. But now my almanac is out of date.

The people make no estimation  
Of Morals teaching education.

Was not this pretty for a plain rhyme extempore? If ye will ye shall have more. ('Groat's-worth of Wit' [1592], xii., pp. 130-132.)



### GOOD ADVICES.

#### *The Farewell of a Friend.*

1. Let God's worship be thy morning's work, and His wisdom the direction of thy day's labour.
2. Rise not without thanks, nor sleep not without repentance.
3. Choose but a few friends, and try those; for the flatterer speaks fairest.
4. If thy wife be wise, make her thy secretary, else lock thy thoughts in thy heart, for women are seldom silent.
5. If she be fair, be not jealous; for suspicion cures not women's follies.

6. If she be wise wrong her not : for if thou lovest others she will loath thee.

7. Let thy children's nurture be their richest portion ; for wisdom is more precious than wealth.

8. Be not proud amongst thy poor neighbours : for a poor man's hate is perilous.

9. Nor too familiar with great men ; for presumption wins disdain.

10. Neither be too prodigal in thy fare, nor die not indebted to thy belly, but enough is a feast.

11. Be not envious, lest thou fall in thine own thoughts.

12. Use patience, mirth and quiet ; for care is enemy to health.

(‘Never too Late’ [1590], viii.,  
pp. 168, 169.)



#### *TO YOUNG MEN.*

A young man led on by self-will (having the reins of liberty in his own hand) forfeeth not the ruth of folly, but aimeth at present pleasures : for he gives himself up to delight, and thinketh everything good, honest, lawful, and

virtuous, that fitteth for the content of his lascivious humour. He forfeeth not that such as climb hastily fall suddenly ; that bees have stings as well as honey ; that vices have ill ends as well as sweet beginnings. And whereof grows this heedless life, but of self-conceit, thinking the good counsel of age is dotage ; that the advice of friends proceeds of envy, and not of love ; that when their fathers correct them for their faults, they hate them : whereas when the black ox hath trod on their feet and the crow's foot is seen in their eyes, then, touched with the feeling of their own folly, they figh out, 'Had I wist !' when repentance cometh too late. Or like as wax is ready to receive every new form that is stamped into it, so is youth apt to admit of every vice that is objected unto it, and in young years wanton desires is chiefly predominate, especially the two ringleaders of all other mischiefs, namely, pride and whoredom. These are the Syrens that with their enchanting melodies draw them on to utter confusion. . . . [Therefore bethink. . . .] ('Repentance' [1592], xii., pp. 157, 158.)

***UNVENERABLE OLD AGE.***

These two patterns of unrighteousness and mirrors of mischief, had under the pens of a dove covered the heart of a kite, under their sheeps' skins hidden the bloody nature of a wolf; thinking under the shadow of their grey hairs to cover the substance of their treacherous' minds; in a painted sheath to hide a rusty blade; in a silver bell a leaden clapper, and in their aged complexion most youthful concupiscence, hoping their hoary hairs would keep them without blame and their grey heads without suspicion. Indeed, age is a crown of glory when it is adorned with righteousness, but the dregs of dishonour when it is mingled with mischief. For honourable age consisteth not in the term of years, nor is not measured by the date of a man's days, but godly wisdom is the grey hair and an undefiled life is old age. The herb Grace, the older it is the ranker smell it hath, the Sea-star is most black being old, the older the eagle is the more crooked is her bill, and the more age

in wicked men the more unrighteous.  
(‘Mirror of Modesty’ [1584], iii., pp. 11, 12.)



### *APOPHTHEGMS AND AP'T SAYINGS.*

It is vain to water the plant when the root is dead. (‘Morando,’ iii., p. 54.)

I count liking without law no love but lust. (*Ibid.*, p. 59.)

It is hard . . . to hide Vulcan’s polt foot with pulling on a straight shoe. (*Ibid.*, p. 60.)

He who yieldeth himself as a slave to love bindeth himself in fetters of gold, and if his suit have good success, yet he leadeth his life in glistering misery. (*Ibid.*, p. 86.)

A word mistaken is half a challenge. (*Ibid.*, p. 127.)

When the boar layeth down his bristles then he meaneth to strike. (‘Anatomy of Fortune,’ iii., p. 183.)

The Painter casteth his fairest colour over the foulest board. (*Ibid.*)

Fortune, yea, fortune, in favouring

me hath made me most unfortunate.  
(*Ibid.*, p. 184.)

The lapwing [= peewit] cries farthest off from her nest. ('Tritameron,' iii., p. 78.) [Cf. 'Measure for Measure,' I., iv., 32; 'Comedy of Errors,' IV., ii., 27.—G.]

[Follow] the example of the industrious and painful [= painstaking] bee, which draweth honey out of flowers and hurteth not the fruit. (*Ibid.*, p. 153.) [So George Herbert finely :

'Rain, do not hurt my flowers, but gently  
spend  
Your honey-drops; press not to smell them,  
bee.'—G.]

Rather love by ear than like by the eye. ('Mirror,' iii., p. 10.)

A sure truth . . . needs no subtle glo's. (*Ibid.*, p. 60.)

[']Tis to pull on Hercules' hose on a child's foot. (*Ibid.*, p. 68.)

'Tis an ill flaw [= storm-wind] that bringeth up no wreck . . . and a bad wind that breedeth no man's profit. (*Ibid.*, p. 84.)

I think of lovers as Diogenes did of dancers, who, being asked how he liked

them, answered, The better the worse. (*Ibid.*, p. 88.) [So Dr. Johnson of an intricate and difficult musical composition, 'I wish it had been so difficult as to be impossible.'—G.]

Finding, with Scipio, that he was never less alone than when he was alone. (*Ibid.*, p. 114.) [Made immortal by *Childe Harold*.—G.]

Wilt thou shrink for an April shower? (*Ibid.*, p. 214.)

That which is easily begun is not always lightly ended. ('Debate,' iv., p. 198.)

Stars are to be looked at with the eye, not reached at with the hand. ('Dorastus,' iv., p. 285.)

My white hairs are blossoms for the grave. (*Ibid.*, p. 271.) [Percy, in his 'Reliques' (ii., 177, ed. 1812), quotes the following as part of an old song on the story of the Beggar of Bethnal Green :

'The reverend lockes in comelye curles did  
wave,  
And on his aged temples grewe *the blossoms*  
*of the grave.*'

Qy. the 'old saying' by Greene?—G.]

The sour bud will never be the sweet blossom. ('Card,' iv., p. 15.)

She that is won with a word will be lost with a wind. (*Ibid.*, p. 56.)

Make a virtue of necessity. (*Ibid.*, p. 60.)

Too much familiarity breeds contempt. (*Ibid.*, p. 102.)

I dare not infer comparisons because they be odious. (*Ibid.*, p. 149.)

Adultery shall fly in the air, and thy known virtues shall lie hid in the earth. ('Doraftus,' iv., p. 250.) [Ennobled by Shakespeare into :

'The evil that men do lives after them,  
The good is oft interrèd with their bones.'

('Julius Cæsar,' II., x., 2.)—G.]

They went like shadows, not men. (*Ibid.*, p. 262.)

Falls come not by sitting low, but by climbing too high. (*Ibid.*, p. 285.)

A woman's fault, to spurn at that with her foot which she greedily catcheth at with her hand. (*Ibid.*, p. 285.)

Necessity hath no law. (*Ibid.*, p. 294.)

Like the porcupine, who, coveting to strike others with her pens, leaveth

herself void of any defence. ('Planetomachia,' v., p. 97.) [Even Shakespeare believed in the 'pen-propelling porcupine,' e.g., 'Henry VI.,' III., i., 363; 'Troilus,' II., i., 27.—G.]

Is thy fancy so fickle as every face must be viewed with affection? Fond man, think this, that the poor man maketh as great account of his wife as the greatest monarch in the world doth of an empress; that honesty harbours as soon in a cottage as in the Court. ('Penelope's Web,' v., p. 205.)

For all the crack my penny may be good silver. (*Ibid.*, p. 233.)

Fair promises and small performance. ('Planetomachia,' v., p. 43.)

More soon come than welcome. (*Ibid.*, p. 77.)

Cats' half-waking winks are but trains [=snares] to entrap the mouse. (*Ibid.*, p. 84.)

Better to trust an open enemy than a reconciled friend. (*Ibid.*, p. 90.)

The longest summer's day hath his evening. (*Ibid.*, p. 129.)

Nothing is evil that is necessary. ('Penelope's Web,' v., p. 178.) [=all that is is right.—G.]

✓

✓ My profession is your trade. ('Mena-phon,' vi., p. 120.)

How happy are we that eat to live and live not to eat. ('Perimedes,' vii., p. 21.)

The fox had his skin pulled over his ears for prying into the lion's den : poor men should look no higher than their feet, lest in staring at stars they stumble. (*Ibid.*, p. 22.)

✓ Venus, I grant, hath a wrinkle in her brow, but two dimples in her cheeks. (*Ibid.*, p. 69.)

Words have wings, and once let slip can never be recalled. ('Royal Exchange,' vii., p. 232.)

Poorly content is better than richly covetous. ('Perimedes,' vii., p. 60.)

A woman, and therefore to be won. (*Ibid.*, p. 68.)

Love beginneth in gold and endeth in beggary. ('Never too Late,' viii., p. 36.)

Such as marry but to a fair face tie themselves oft to a foul bargain. (*Ibid.*)

Fairest blossoms are soonest nipped with frost. (*Ibid.*, p. 71.)

✓ A friend to [whom] to reveal is a medicine to relieve. (*Ibid.*, p. 85.)

A woman's heart and her tongue are not relatives. (*Ibid.*, p. 90.)

She found that all his corn was on the floor. (*Ibid.*, p. 102.)

To bed with the bee and up with the lark. (*Ibid.*, p. 124.)

The crow thinks her fowls the fairest. (*Ibid.*, p. 186.) [A play on 'foul.']

In many words lieth mistrust, and in painted speech deceit is often covered. ('Metamorphosis,' ix., 73.)

May not a woman look but she must love? (*Ibid.*, p. 83.)

Making a woman's resistance. (*Ibid.*, p. 104.)

Trust not him that smiles. ('Mourning Garment' [1590], ix., p. 138. [Cf. 'Hamlet,' i., 5: 'Smile, and smile, and be a villain.'—G.]

Hunger needs no sauce and thirst turns water into wine. (*Ibid.*, p. 145.)

Ah, father, had I reverenced my God as I honoured my goddess! (*Ibid.*, p. 207.)—G. [Cf. 'Henry VIII.,' iii., 2.]

Parrots speak not what they think. ('Farewell,' p. 246.)

Bring not contempt to such a royal dignity by too much familiarity. (*Ibid.*, p. 258.)

The ploughman hath more ease than a king. (*Ibid.*, p. 277.)

We have as much health with feeding on the brown loaf as a prince hath with all his delicates, and I steal more sweet naps in the chimney corner in a week than God save his majesty! (*Ibid.*)

You may smell their pride by their perfumes. (*Ibid.*, p. 285.)

Love filleth not the hand with pelf, but the eye with pleasure. (*Ibid.*, p. 300.)

It is not riches to have much, but to desire little. (*Ibid.*, p. 309.)

Drink me as dry as a sieve. ('Life and Death of Ned Browne,' xi., p. 30.)

Envy creepeth not so low as cottages. ('Philomela,' xi., p. 176.)

Acquaint not thyself with many, lest thou fall into the hands of flatterers. (*Ibid.*)

Courteous to all, but converse with few. (*Ibid.*)

Truth is the daughter of Time. (*Ibid.*, p. 189.)

Time hatcheth truth. (*Ibid.*, p. 197.)

The tailor sews with hot needle and burnt thread. (*Ibid.*, p. 238.)

Will is above skill. ('Orpharion,' xii., p. 5.)

Pierced by Achilles' lance must be healed by his spear. (*Ibid.*, p. 9.)

Buy smoke with many perils and dangers. (*Ibid.*, p. 10.)

Reap many kisses and little love. (*Ibid.*, p. 17.)

Ay, quench fire with flax. (*Ibid.*, p. 39.)

He never played in jest. (*Ibid.*, p. 58.)

King's words may not offend. (*Ibid.*, p. 72.)

Like the pace of a crab, backward. (*Ibid.*, p. 75.)

We are only overcome, not vanquished. (*Ibid.*, p. 88.)

Once get into the bone, it will step into the flesh. ('Repentance,' xii., p. 159.)

Blamed, but never ashamed. ('Vision,' xii., p. 248.)

Ask counsel of your pillow. (*Ibid.*, p. 265.)

The biggest limbs have not the stoutest hearts (l. 1091).

Empty vessels have the loudest sounds, And cowards prattle more than men of worth (ll. 1101, 1102).

('The Pinner of Wakefield' [1599].)

O, Sir, I love the f  
But those that ar  
hate.

(*'Selin*)

'White-wing'd vic

Without delay, or  
It argueth an un  
When all is ready  
To draw out ti  
mutation  
May soon prevent  
Quick speed is  
leads the way

But friends are m  
lords :  
The earl both wo  
himself.

(*'Friar B*)

Pity me, though I  
And measure not m

(*'L*)

Think footsteps mil  
hours.

(*Ibi*)

Surpassing beauty was  
goddess, disdained not  
imping Vulcan. They,  
the men, and not their  
ills, and not their wealth ;  
their livings ; their con-  
Coin ; their person, not  
and the inward virtue,  
value. But you are so  
opinion of Danae, that  
himself be shrouded in  
the shape of a shower  
I have the repulse for all  
(*d.*, p. 119.)



### *E HEAD—FRIAR BACON.*

ordly thou lookest, as if  
wert learn'd ;  
nance, as if science held  
circled arches of thy  
(*edn.*, vol. xiii., ll. 1297-99.)

One tale is always good until another is told. (*Ibid.*, p. 222.)

Pull hair from a bald man's head. (*Ibid.*, p. 225.)



#### *ALLITERATION.*

Reject not him so rigorously which respecteth you so reverently ; loath him not so hatefully which loveth you so heartily, nor repay not his dutiful amity with such deadly enmity. ('Card of Fancy' [1587], iv., p. 113.)

To hope still, I see is but to heap woe upon wretchedness, and care upon calamity. Yet, madam, thus much I will say, that Dido, Queen of Carthage, loved *Aeneas*, a banished exile and a straggling stranger. Euphinia, daughter to the King of Corinth, and heir-apparent to his crown, who for her feature [=person] was famous throughout all the East countries, vouchsafed to apply a sovereign plaster to the furious passions of Acharisto, her father's bondman. The Duchess of Malfy chose for her husband her servant Ulrico ; and

Venus, who for surpassing beauty was canonized for a goddess, disdained not the love of limping Vulcan. They, madam, respected the men, and not their money; their wills, and not their wealth; their love, not their livings; their constancy, not their coin; their person, not their parentage; and the inward virtue, not the outward value. But you are so addicted to the opinion of Danae, that unless Jupiter himself be shrouded in your lap, under the shape of a shower-of gold, he shall have the repulse for all his deity. (*Ibid.*, p. 119.)

*A NOBLE HEAD—FRIAR BACON.*

*Vandermaſt.* Lordly thou lookeſt, as if  
that thou wert learn'd;  
Thy countenance, as if ſcience held  
her ſeat  
Between the circled arches of thy  
brows.  
(‘Friar Bacon,’ vol. xiii., ll. 1297-99.)

*FRIAR BACON.*

Seeing you come as friends unto the friar,  
Resolve you doctors, Bacon can by books  
Make storming Boreas thunder from his  
cave,  
And dim fair Luna to a dark eclipse.  
The great arch-ruler, potentate of Hell,  
Trembles, when Bacon bids him, or his  
fiends,  
Bow to the force of his pentageron.  
What Art can work, the frolic friar  
knows ;  
And therefore will I turn my magic  
books,  
And strain out necromancy to the deep :  
I have contriv'd and fram'd a head of  
brass  
(I made Belcephon hammer out the  
stuff),  
And that by Art shall read philosophy,  
And I will strengthen England by my  
skill,  
That if ten Cæsars lived and reign'd in  
Rome,  
With all the legions Europe doth contain,  
They should not touch a grass of English  
ground :

The work that Ninus rear'd at Babylon,  
The brazen walls fram'd by Semiramis,  
Carv'd out like to the portal of the sun ;  
Shall not be such as rings the English  
strand,  
From Dover to the market-place of Rye.  
(‘Friar Bacon,’ xiii., pp. 16, 17.)



*BEAUTY—A SONG.*

Beauty, alas ! where wast thou born,  
Thus to hold thyself in scorn ?  
When as Beauty kiss'd to woo thee,  
Thou by Beauty dost undo me,  
Heigho, despise me not.  
I and thou, in sooth are one,  
Fairest thou, ay fairer none ;  
Wanton thou, and wilt thou wanton,  
Yield a cruel heart to pant on ?  
Do me right, and do me reason,  
Cruelty is curs'd treason :  
Heigho, I love ; heigho, I love !  
Heigho ; and yet he eyes me not.  
(‘A Looking-glass for London and Eng-  
land’ [1594], xiv., 74, 75.)

**BOHEMIA—SHAKESPEARE  
ILLUSTRATION.**

X

It so happened that Egistus, King of Sicily, who in his youth had been brought up with Pandosto, desirous to show that neither tract of time, nor distance of place, could diminish their former friendship, provided a navy of ships and sailed into Bohemia to visit his old friend and companion . . . ('History of Dorastus and Fawnia' [1588], iv., p. 235). [Everyone knows Shakespeare's kindred slip in 'Winter's Tale'; but this 19th century could show just as great geographical blunders, e.g., about Africa and India, etc., etc. Cf. also note in Works, vol. v., pp. 304, 305, as bearing on Shakespeare's alleged 'small Latin and less Greek.'—G.]



**CHASTITY—AN ODE.**

What is love once disgracèd?  
But a wanton thought ill placèd,  
Which doth blemish whom it paineth,  
And dishonours whom it deigneth.

Seen in higher powers most,  
Though some fools do fondly boast  
That who so is high of kin  
Sanctifies his lover's sin.  
Jove could not hide Io's scape,  
Nor conceal Calisto's rape.  
Both did fault, and both were famèd,  
Light of loves whom lust had shamèd.  
Let not women trust to men,  
They can flatter now and then.  
And tell them many wanton tales,  
Which do breed their after bales.  
Sin in kings is sin we see,  
And greater sin, 'cause great of 'gree.  
*Majus peccatum*, this I read,  
If he be high that doth the deed.  
Mars for all his deity  
Could not Venus dignify.  
But Vulcan trapp'd her, and her blame,  
Was punished with an open shame.  
All the gods laugh'd them to scorn,  
For dubbing Vulcan with the horn.  
Whereon may a woman boast,  
If her chastity be lost?  
Shame awaiteh upon her face,  
Blushing cheeks and foul disgrace:  
Report will blab, this is she  
That with her lusts wins infamy.  
If lusting love be so disgrac'd,

Die before you live unchaste.  
 For better die with honest fame,  
 Than lead a wanton life with shame !  
 ('Philomela' [1592], xi., pp. 178, 179.)



### COMEDY.\*

*Enter the Clown and his crew of Ruffians,  
 to go to drink.*

*First Ruffian.* Come on, Smith, thou  
 shalt be one of the crew, because thou  
 knowest where the best ale in the town is.

*Adam* [the blacksmith's man]. Come  
 on, in faith, my colts : I have left my  
 Master striking of a heat, and stole away,  
 because I would keep you company.

*Clown.* Why, what, shall we have this  
 paltry Smith with us ?

*Adam.* Paltry Smith ? Why, you in-  
 carnative knave, what are you that you  
 speak ~~petty~~ treason against the smith's  
 trade ?

*Clown.* Why, slave, I am a gentleman  
 of Niniveh ?

\* These are examples of Green's remarkable  
 comic vein.—G.

*Adam.* A gentleman? Good Sir, I remember you well, and all your progenitors: your father bare office in our town; an honest man he was, and in great discredit in the parish, for they bestowed two squire's livings on him; the one was on working-days, and then he kept the town stage, and on holidays they made him the Sexton's man, for he whipped dogs out of the church. Alas, Sir, your father,—why, Sir, methinks I see the gentleman still: a proper youth he was, faith, aged some forty and ten; his beard rat's colour, half black, half white; his nose was in the highest degree of noses, it was nose *autem glorificam*, so set with rubies that after his death it should have been nailed up in Copper-smith's Hall for a monument: well, Sir, I was beholding to your good father, for he was the first man that ever instructed me in the mystery of a pot of ale.

*Second Ruffian.* Well said, Smith; that crossed him over the thumbs.

*Clown.* Villain, were it not that we go to be merry, my rapier should presently quit thy opprobrious terms.

*Adam.* O, Peter, Peter, put up thy

sword, I prithee heartily, into thy scabbard, hold in your rapier ; for though I have not a long reacher, I have a short hitter.—Nay then, gentlemen, stay me, for my choler begins to rise against him ; for mark the words, ‘a paltry smith.’ Oh, horrible sentence : thou hast in these words, I will stand to it, libelled against all the sound horses, whole horses, sore horses, coursers, curtalls, jades, cuts, hackneys, and mares ; whereupon, my friend, in their defence, I give thee this curse,—thou shalt not be worth a horse of thine own this seven year.

*Clown.* Ay, prithee smith, is your occupation so excellent ?

*Adam.* ‘A paltry smith’? Why, I’ll stand to it, a smith is lord of the four elements ; for our iron is made of the earth, our bellows blow out air, our floor holds fire, and our forge water. Nay, Sir, we read in the Chronicles that there was a god of our occupation.

*Clown.* Ay, but he was a cuckold.

*Adam.* That was the reason, Sir, he called your father cousin. ‘Paltry smith’? why, in this one word thou hast defaced their worshipful occupation.

*Clown.* As how ?

*Adam.* Marry, Sir, I will stand to it, that a smith in his kind is a physician, a surgeon, and a barber. For let a horse take a cold, or be troubled with the botts, and we straight give him a potion or a purgation, in such physical manner that he mends straight: if he have outward diseases, as the spavin, splent, ring-bone, wind-gall, or *farcin*, or, Sir, a galled back, we let him blood and clap a plaster to him with a pestilence, that mends him with a very vengeance: now, if his mane grow out of order, and he have any rebellious hairs, we straight to our shears and trim him with what cut it please us, pick his ears, and make him neat. Marry, indeed, Sir, we are slovens for one thing; we never use any musk-balls to wash him with, and the reason, Sir, because he can woe\* without kissing.

*Clown.* Well, firrha, leave off these praises of a smith, and bring us to the best ale in the town.

*Adam.* Now, Sir, I have afeat above all the smiths in Niniveh; for, Sir, I am a philosopher that can dispute of the nature of ale; for mark you, Sir, a pot

\* =play on 'woo.'—G.

of ale consists of four parts,—Imprimis the ale, the toast, the ginger, and the nutmeg.

*Clown.* Excellent.

*Adam.* The ale is a restorative, bread is a binder; mark you, Sir, two excellent points in physic: the ginger, oh, 'ware of that: the philosophers have written of the nature of ginger, 'tis expulsive in two degrees: you shall hear the sentence of Galen:

*'It will make a man belch, cough, and —,  
And is a great comfort to the heart':*

a proper posie, I promise you: but now to the noble virtue of nutmeg: it is, saith one ballad, (I think an English Roman was the author,) an underlayer to the brains, for when the ale gives a buffet to the head, oh, the nutmeg that keeps him for a while in temper. Thus you see the description of the virtue of a pot of ale. Now, Sir, to put my physical precepts in practice, follow me: but afore I step any further—

*Clown.* What's the matter now?

*Adam.* Why, seeing I have provided the ale, who is the purveyor for the wenches? for, masters, take this of me,

a cup of ale without a wench, why,  
alas ! 'tis like an egg without salt, or a  
red herring without mustard !

*Clown.* Lead us to the ale : we'll have  
wenches enough, I warrant thee.

[*Exeunt.*]

(‘A Looking-glass for London and Eng-  
land’ [1594], xiv., 15-20.)



AN ONWARD SCENE.

*Enters Adam, the Clown.*

*Adam.* This way he is, and here will  
I speak with him.

*Lord.* Fellow, whither preffeth thou ?

*Adam.* I preſs nobody, Sir ; I am  
going to speak with a friend of mine.

*Lord.* Why, slave, there is none but  
the king and his viceroys.

*Adam.* The king ? Marry, Sir, he is  
the man I would speak withal.

*Lord.* Why, calleſt him a friend of  
thine ?

*Adam.* Ay, marry do I, Sir ; for if he  
be not my friend, I'll make him my  
friend ere he and I paſs.

*Lord.* Away, vassal, begone, thou speak unto the king !

*Adam.* Ay, marry, will I, Sir ; and if he were a king of velvet, I will talk to him.

*Rasni* (the king). What's the matter there ? what noise is that ?

*Adam.* A boon, my liege ! a boon, my liege !

*Rasni.* What is it that great Rasni will not grant,

This day, unto the meanest of his land,  
In honour of his beauteous Alvida ?  
Come hither, swain ; what is it that thou cravest ?

*Adam.* Faith, Sir, nothing but to speak a few sentences to your worship.

*Rasni.* Say, what is it ?

*Adam.* I am sure, Sir, you have heard of the spirits that walk in the city here.

*Rasni.* Ay, what of that ?

*Adam.* Truly, Sir, I have an oration to tell you of one of them ; and this it is.

*Alvida* (queen). Why goest not forward with thy tale ?

*Adam.* Faith, mistress, I feel an imperfection in my voice, a disease that often troubles me ; but, alas ! easily mended ; a cup of ale or a cup of wine will serve the turn.

*Alvida.* Fill him a bowl, and let him want no drink.

*Adam.* Oh, what a precious word was that, 'And let him want no drink.' [Drink given to Adam.] Well, Sir, now I'll tell you forth my tale: Sir, as I was coming alongst the port-royal of Niniveh, there appeared to me a great devil, and as hard-favoured a devil as ever I saw; nay, Sir, he was a cuckoldy devil, for he had horns on his head. This devil, mark you now, presseth upon me, and, Sir, indeed, I charged him with my pikestaff; but when that would not serve, I came upon him with *Spiritus sanctus*,—why, it had been able to have put Lucifer out of his wits: when I saw my charm would not serve, I was in such a perplexity that six pennyworth of juniper would not have made the place sweet again.

*Alvida.* Why, fellow, wert thou so afraid?

*Adam.* Oh, mistress, had you been there and seen, his very sight had made you shift a clean smock, I promise you; though I were a man, and counted a tall fellow, yet my laundress called me fleshy knave the next day.

*Rafni.* A pleasant slave.—Forward, Sir, on with thy tale.

*Adam.* Faith, Sir, but I remember a word that my mistress, your bed-fellow, spoke.

*Rafni.* What was that, fellow?

*Adam.* Oh, Sir, a word of comfort, a precious word—‘And let him want no drink.’

*Rafni.* Her word is law; and thou shalt want no drink.

[*Drink given to Adam.*]

*Adam.* Then, Sir, this devil came upon me, and would not be persuaded, but he would needs carry me to hell. I proffered him a cup of ale, thinking, because he came out of so hot a place, that he was thirsty; but the devil was not dry, and therefore the more sorry was I. Well, there was no remedy, but I must with him to hell: and at last I cast mine eye aside; if you knew what I spied you would laugh, Sir. I looked from top to toe, and he had no cloven feet. Then I ruffled up my hair, and set my cap on the one side; and, Sir, grew to be a Justice of Peace to the devil. At last, in a great fume, as I am very choleric, and sometime so hot in

my fustian fumes, that no man can abide within twenty yards of me, I start up, and so bombasted the devil that, Sir, he cried out and ran away.

*Alvida.* This pleasant knave hath made me laugh my fill :  
Rasni, now Alvida begins her quaff,  
And drinks a full carouse unto her king.

*Rasni.* Ay, pledge, my love, as hearty as great Jove  
Drunk when his Juno heav'd a bowl to him.—

Frolic, my lords, let all the standards walk ;  
Plyit till every man hath ta'en his load.—  
How now, firra, what cheer? we have no words of you.

*Adam.* Truly, Sir, I was in a brown study about my mistress.

*Alvida.* About me? for what?

*Adam.* Truly, mistress, to think what a golden sentence you did speak: all the philosophers in the world could not have said more ;—‘What, come, let him want no drink.’ Oh, wise speech!

*Alvida.* Villains, why skink you not unto this fellow?  
He makes me blyth and merry in my thoughts :

Heard you not that the king hath given  
command,  
That all be drunk this day within his  
Court,  
In quaffing to the health of Alvida ?

[*Drink given to Adam.*  
(*Ibid.*, pp. 90-94.)

#### FINAL SCENE.

*Enters Adam solus, with a bottle of beer  
in one slop [=loose trousers] and a  
great piece of beef in another.*

*Adam.* Well, goodman Jonah, I would  
you had never come from Jewry to this  
country ; you have made me look like a  
lean rib of roast beef, or like the picture  
of Lent painted upon a red herring's  
cob. Alas, masters, we are commanded  
by the proclamation to fast and pray :  
by my troth, I could prettily so, so away  
with praying ; but for fasting, why 'tis  
so contrary to my nature, that I had rather  
suffer a short hanging than a long  
fasting. Mark me, the words be these,  
'Thou shalt take no manner of food for  
so many days.' I had as lieve he should  
have said, 'Thou shalt hang thyself for  
so many days.' And yet, in faith, I

need not find fault with the proclamation, for I have a buttery and a pantry, and a kitchen about me ; for proof *Ecce signum!* This right slop is my pantry ; behold a manchet [*Draws it out*] ; this place is my kitchen, for lo ! a piece of beef [*Draws it out*] ;—Oh, let me repeat that sweet word again : for lo ! a piece of beef ! This is my buttery, for see, see, my friends, to my great joy, a bottle of beer [*Draws it out*] . Thus, alas ! I make shift to wear out this fasting ; I drive away the time. But there go searchers about to seek if any man breaks the king's commands. Oh, here they be ; in with your victuals, Adam.

[*Puts them back into his slops.*

*Enter two Searchers.*

*First Searcher.* How duly the men of Niniveh keep the proclamation ; how are they armed to repentance ! We have searched through the whole city, and have not as yet found one that breaks the fast.

*Second Searcher.* The sign of the more grace :—but stay, here sits one, methinks, at his prayers ; let us see who it is.

*First Searcher.* 'Tis Adam, the smith's man.—How now, Adam?

*Adam.* Trouble me not; 'Thou shalt take no manner of food, but fast and pray.'

*First Searcher.* How devoutly he fits at his orisons; but stay, methinks, I feel a smell of some meat or bread about him.

*Second Searcher.* So thinks me too.—You, sirra, what victuals have you about you?

*Adam.* Victuals! O horrible blasphemy! Hinder me not of my prayer, nor drive me not into a choler. Victuals! why hearest thou not the sentence, 'Thou shalt take no food, but fast and pray'?

*Second Searcher.* Truth, so it should be; but, methinks, I smell meat about thee.

*Adam.* About me, my friends? These words are actions in the case. About me? No, no; hang those gluttons that cannot fast and pray.

*First Searcher.* Well, for all your words, we must search you.

*Adam.* Search me! Take heed what you do; my hose are my castles; 'tis burglary if you break ope a flop: no

officer must lift up an iron hatch ; take heed, my flops are iron.

[They search Adam.

*Second Searcher.* Oh, villain, see how he hath gotten victuals, bread, beef, and beer, where the king commanded upon pain of death none should eat for so many days ; no, not the fucking infant.

*Adam.* Alas, sir, this is nothing but a *modicum non nocet ut medicus daret* ; why, Sir, a bit to comfort my stomach.

*First Searcher.* Villain, thou shalt be hanged for it.

*Adam.* These are your words, 'I shall be hanged for it ;' but first answer me to this question, how many days have we to fast still ?

*Second Searcher.* Five days.

*Adam.* Five days : a long time : then I must be hanged ?

*First Searcher.* Ay, marry, Sir, must thou.

*Adam.* I am your man, I am for you, Sir ; for I had rather be hanged than bide so long a fast. What, five days ? Come, I'll untruss. Is your halter and the gallows, the ladder, and all such furniture in readiness ?

*First Searcher.* I warrant thee shalt want none of these.

*Adam.* But, hear you, must I be hanged?

*First Searcher.* Ay, marry.

*Adam.* And for eating of meat. Then, friends, know ye by these presents, I will eat up all my meat, and drink up all my drink ; for it shall never be said I was hanged with an empty stomach.

*First Searcher.* Come away, knave ; wilt thou stand feeding now ?

*Adam.* If you be so hasty, hang yourself an hour, while I come to you, for surely I will eat up my meat.

*Second Searcher.* Come, let's draw him away perforce.

*Adam.* You say there is five days yet to fast, these are your words.

*Second Searcher.* Ay, Sir.

*Adam.* I am for you : come, let's away, and yet let me be put in the *Chronicles.*

[*Exeunt.*]

(*Ibid.*, pp. 105-109.)



*A CONTENTED MIND.*

Sweet are the thoughts that favour of content;

The quiet mind is richer than a crown;

Sweet are the nights in careless slumber spent;

The poor estate scorns Fortune's angry frown:

Such sweet content, such minds, such sleep, such bliss,

Beggars enjoy, when princes oft do miss.

The homely house that harbours quiet rest;

The cottage that affords no pride nor care;

The mean that 'grees with country music best;

The sweet comfort of mirth and modest\* fare;

\* The original has 'music's fare.' The word had been caught from the preceding verse. My venerable friend, W. J. Linton, in his 'Rare Poems,' reads as above, and it is inevitably accepted.—G.

Obscurèd life sets down a type of blis,  
A mind content both crown and king-  
dom is.

(‘Farewell to Folly’ [1591], ix., pp.  
279, 280.)



### *CONTENT.*

#### *Barmenissa’s Song.*

The cottage seated in the hollow dale,  
That Fortune never fears because so low;  
The quiet mind that Want doth set to  
sale,

Sleeps safe, when prince’s seats do over-  
throw;

Want smiles secure when princely  
thoughts do feel

That Fear and Danger treads upon  
their heel.

Bless Fortune thou whose frown hath  
wrought thy good;  
Bid farewell to the crown that ends thy  
care;

The happy fates thy sorrows have withstood

By 'sygning want and poverty thy share ;  
For now content (fond Fortune to  
despite)

With patience 'lows\* thee quiet and  
delight.

(‘Penelope’s Web’ [1587], v., p. 180.)



### *A COUNTRY BEAUTY.*

*Edward [Prince of Wales].* I tell thee,  
Lacy, that her sparkling eyes  
Do lighten forth sweet Love’s alluring  
fire :

And in her tresses she doth fold the  
looks

Of such as gaze upon her golden hair :  
Her bashful white, mixed with the  
morning’s red,

Luna doth boast upon her lovely cheeks :  
Her front is Beauty’s table, where she  
paints

The glories of her gorgeous excellence :  
Her teeth are shelves of precious mar-  
garites,

\* *allows.*

Richly enclosed with ruddy coral cliffs.

Tush, Lacy, she is beauty's overmatch  
If thou surveyest her curious imagery.

*Lacy* [Earl of Lincoln]. I grant, my lord, the damsel is as fair  
As simple Suffolk's homely towns can yield ;  
But in the court be quainter dames than she ;

Whose faces are enrich'd with honour's taint,\*

Whose beauties stand upon the stage of Fame,

And vaunt their trophies in the courts of Love.

*Edward*. Ah, Ned, but hadst thou watch'd her as myself,

And seen the secret beauties of the maid,

Their courtly coyness were but foolery,

*Ermisbie*. Why, how watch'd you her, my lord ?

*Edward*. When as she swept like Venus through the house,

And in her shape fast folded up my thoughts ;

Into the Milkhouse went I with the maid,

\* *taint*.

And there amongst the cream-bowls she  
did shine,  
As Pallas 'mongst her princely huf-  
wifery ;  
She turned her smock over her lily  
arms,  
And div'd them into milk to run her  
cheeſe ;  
But whiter than the milk her crystal  
ſkin,  
Check'd with lines of azure, made her  
blush,  
That Art or Nature durſt bring for  
compare :  
Ermſbie, if thou hadſt ſeen, as I did note  
it well,  
How beauty play'd the hufwife, how  
this girl  
Like Lucrece, laid her fingers to the  
work,  
Thou wouldſt with Tarquin hazard  
Rome and all  
To win the lovely maid of Fresingfield.  
(‘Friar Bacon’ [1594], xiii., pp. 9-11.)



*CRADLE SONG.*

Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my  
knee ;  
When thou art old there's grief enough  
for thee.

Mother's wag, pretty boy,  
Father's sorrow, father's joy ;  
When thy father first did see  
Such a boy by him and me,  
He was glad, I was woe ;  
Fortune changed made him so ;  
When he left his pretty boy,  
Last his sorrow, first his joy.

Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my  
knee ;  
When thou art old there's grief enough  
for thee.

Streaming tears that never stint,  
Like pearl-drops from a flint,  
Fell by course from his eyes,  
That one another's place supplies ;  
Thus he grieved in every part,  
Tears of blood fell from his heart,  
When he left his pretty boy,  
Father's sorrow, father's joy.

Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my knee ;  
When thou art old there's grief enough for thee.

The wanton smiled, father wept,  
Mother cried, baby leapt ;  
More he crowed, more we cried,  
Nature could not sorrow hide :  
He must go, he must kiss  
Child and mother, baby bliss ;\*  
For he left his pretty boy,  
Father's sorrow, father's joy.

Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my knee ;  
When thou art old there's grief enough for thee.

(‘Menaphon’ [1589], vi., pp. 43, 44.)

*CUPID.*

*Ida.* . . . I heard a shepherd sing,  
That like a bee, Love hath a little sting :  
He lurks in flowers, he percheth on the trees ;  
He on king's pillows bends his pretty knees :

\* *bless.*

The boy is blind, but when he will not  
spy  
He hath a leaden foot, and wings to fly:  
Besrew me yet, for all these strange  
effects  
If I would like the lad that so infects.  
(‘James the Fourth,’ xiii., p. 216.)



***THE EAGLE AND THE FLY.***

V

When tender ewes, brought home with  
evening sun,  
Wend to their folds,  
And to their holds  
The shepherds trudge when light of day  
is done ;  
Upon a tree  
The Eagle,—Jove’s fair bird,—did  
perch ;  
There resteth he :  
A little Fly his harbour\* then did search,  
And did presume, though others laughed  
thereat,  
To perch whereas† the princely Eagle  
sat.

\* *arbour or shelter-place.* † *whereon.*

The Eagle frowned, and shook her royal wings,  
And charged the Fly  
From thence to hie :  
Afraid, in haste, the little creature flings,  
Yet seeks again,  
Fearful, to perch him by the Eagle's side :  
With moody vein,  
The speedy post of Ganymede replied :  
' Vassal, avaunt, or with my wings you die :  
Is't fit an Eagle seat him with a Fly ?'

The Fly craved pity ; still the Eagle frown'd :  
The silly Fly,  
Ready to die,  
Disgraced, displaced, fell grovelling to the ground :  
The Eagle saw,  
And with a royal mind said to the Fly,  
' Be not in awe,  
I scorn by me the meanest creature die ;  
Then seat thee here.' The joyful Fly upflings,  
And sat safe-shadowed with the Eagle's wings.  
(*' Menaphon'* [1589], vi., pp. 59, 60.)

✓

### AN EPISTLE DEDICATORY.\* (Complete.)

To the gentlemen readers, Health. Gentlemen, I dare not step awry from my wonted method, first to appeal to your favourable courtesies, which ever I have found (however plausible) yet smothered with a mild silence. The small pamphlets that I have thrust forth how you have regarded them I know not, but that they have been badly rewarded with any ill terms I never found ; which makes me the more bold to trouble you, and the more bound to rest yours every way, as ever I have done. I keep my old course, to palter up some thing in prose, using mine old posy still, *omne tulit punctum* ; although lately two gentlemen poets made two mad-men of Rome beat it out of their paper bucklers ; and had it in derision, for that I could not make my verses set upon the stage in tragical buskins, every word filling the mouth like the faburden

\* Greene's 'Epistles Dedicatory,' like Breton's and Spenser's, are all graciously and finely worded.—G.

of Bow-Bell ; daring God out of heaven with that atheist Tamburlane, or blaspheming with the mad priest of the sun : but let me rather openly pocket up the afs at Diogenes' hand, than wantonly set out such impious instances of intolerable poetry. Such mad and scoffing poets, that have prophetical spirits, as bred of Merlin's race, if there be any in England, that set the end of scholarism in an English blank verse, I think either it is the humour of a novice that tickles them with self-love, or too much frequenting the hot-house (to use the German proverb) hath sweat out all the greatest part of their wits, which waste *gradatim*, as the Italians say, *poco à poco*. If I speak darkly, gentlemen, and offend with this digression, I crave pardon, in that I but answer in print what they have offered on the stage. But leaving these fantastical scholars, as judging him that is not able to make choice of his chaffer but a peddling chapman, at last to *Perymedes the Blacksmith*, who, fitting in his holiday suit to enter parley with his wife, smugged up in her best apparel, I present to your favours. If he please I have my desire,

if he but pass I shall be glad. If neither, I vow to make amends in my *Orpharion*, which I promise to make you merry with the next term : And thus resting on your wonted courtesies, I bid you farewell. Yours as ever he hath been, —R. Greene. ('Perimedes the Blacksmith' [1588], vii., pp. 7-9.)



### FANCY.

#### *Lamilia's Song,*

Fie, fie on blind Fancy !  
It hinders youth's joy ;  
Fair virgins, learn by me  
To count Love a toy.

When Love learned first the A B C of  
delight,  
And knew no figures nor conceited  
phrase ;  
He simply gave to due desert her right,  
He led not lovers in dark winding ways ;  
He plainly willed to love, or flatly  
answered no :  
But now who lifts to prove, shall find it  
nothing so.

Fie, fie, then, on Fancy !  
It hinders youth's joy ;  
Fair virgins, learn by me  
To count Love a toy.

For since he learned to use the poet's  
pen,  
He learned likewise with smoothing  
words to feign ;  
Witching chaste ears with trothless  
tongues of men,  
And wrongèd faith with falsehood and  
disdain ;  
He gives a promise now, anon he  
sweareth no :  
Who listeth for to prove, shall find his  
changing so.

Fie, fie, then, on Fancy !  
It hinders youth's joy ;  
Fair virgins, learn by me  
To count Love a toy.

(‘The Groats’-worth of Wit bought  
with a Million of Repentance’ [1592],  
xii., pp. 113, 114.)



**OLD ENGLISH FLOWERS.**

Ah, Mullidor, her face is like to a red and white daisy growing in a green meadow, and thou like a bee, that comest and suckest honey from it, and carriest it home to the hive with a heave and ho: that is as much as to say, as with a head full of woes and a heart full of sorrows and maladies. Be of good cheer, Mirimida laughs on thee, and thou knowest a woman's smile is as good to a lover as a sunshine day to a haymaker. She shews thee kind looks and casts many a sheep's eye at thee; which signifies that she counts thee a man worthy to jump a match with her; nay, more, Mullidor, she hath given thee a nosegay of flowers, wherein, as a top gallant for all the rest, is set in rosemary for remembrance. Ah, Mullidor, cheer thyself, fear not. Love, and fortune favour lusty lads; cowards are not friends to affection: therefore venture, for thou hast won her; else she had not given thee this nosegay. ('Never too Late' [1590], viii., pp. 197, 198.)

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Thereby I saw the Batchelors' Buttons, whose virtue it is to make wanton maidens weep when they have worn it forty weeks under their aprons for a favour. Next them grew the dissembling daisy, to warn such light of love wenches not to trust every fair promise that such amorous bachelors make them, but [that] sweet smells breed bitter repentance. Hard by grew the true lover's primrose, whose kind favour wisheth men to be faithful and women courteous. Alongst in a border grew maidenhair, fit for modest maidens to behold and immodest to blush at, because it praiseth the one for their natural tresses and condemneth the other for their beastly and counterfeit periwigs. There was the gentle gilliflower, that wives should wear if they were not too froward; and loyal lavender: but that was full of cuckoo-spits, to shew that women's light thoughts make their husband's heavy heads. There were sweet lilies, God's plenty, which shewed fair virgins need not weep for wooers, and store of balm which could cure strange wounds, only not that wound which women receive. . . . ('A Quip

for an Upstart Courtier' [1592], xi., pp. 218, 219.) [On the daisy cf. Ophelia in 'Hamlet,' IV., vi.—G.]



### *THE ENGLISH FOP AND FLORENTINE CONTEMPOR- ARIES.*

In truth, quoth Farneze, I have seen an English gentleman so diffused in his suits, his doublet being for the wear of Castile, his hose for Venice, his hat for France, his cloak for Germany, that he seemed no way to be an Englishman but by the face. And, quoth Peratio, to this are we Florentines almost grown: for we must have our courtesies so cringed, our conges delivered with such a long accent, our speeches so affected, as comparing our conditions with the lives of our ancestors, we seem so far to differ from their former estate, that did Ovid live, he would make a second Metamorphosis of our estate. ('Farewell to Folly' [1591], ix., p. 253.)



*Country Lad Full Dressed.*

She met with a wealthy farmer's son, who, handsomely decked up in his holiday hose, was going very mannerly to be foreman in a Morice dance, and as near as I can guesf was thus apparelled. He was a tall, slender youth, clean made, with a good, indifferent face, having on his head a straw hat steeple-wise, bound about with a band of blue buckram. He had on his father's best tawny jacket : for that this day's exploit stood upon his credit. He was in a pair of hose of red kersey, close trussed with a point afore ; his mother had lent him a new muffler for a napkin, and that was tied to his girdle for loosing. He had a pair of harvest gloves on his hands, as shewing good husbandry, and a pen and ink-horn at his back ; for the young man was a little bookish. His pumps [=shoes] were a little too heavy, being trimmed start-ups made of a pair of boot legs tied before with two white leather thongs. Thus handsomely arrayed, for this was his Sunday suit, he met the lady Mæfia, and seeing her so fair and well-formed, far passing their country maids in proportion, and

nothing differing in apparel, he stood half amazed, as a man that had seen a creature beyond his country conceit. ('Farewell to Folly' [1591], ix., pp. 265, 266.)



### *IDLENESS.*

The man coveting, although he were poor, to be counted virtuous, first eschewed idleness, the moth that forest and soonest infecteth the mind with many mischiefs, and applied himself so to his works, being a smith, that he thought no victuals to have that taste which were not purchased by his own sweat. ('Perimedes' [1588], vii., pp. 11, 12.)



### *JEALOUSY.*

When gods had framed the sweet of women's face,  
 And locked men's looks within their golden hair,  
 That Phœbus blushed to see their matchless grace,  
 And heavenly gods on earth did make repair,

To quip fair Venus' overweening pride,  
Love's happy thoughts to Jealousy were  
tied.

Then grew a wrinkle on fair Venus'  
brow ;  
The amber sweet of love is turned to  
gall ;  
Gloomy was heaven ; bright Phœbus  
did avow  
He could be coy, and would not love  
at all ;  
Swearing no greater mischief could be  
wrought  
Than love united to a jealous thought.  
(‘Ciceronis Amor’ [1589], vii., pp.  
123, 124.)

*KINGS.**X*

‘Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.’

*Bajazet, Emperor of Turkey.*

Leave me, my lords, until I call you  
forth,  
For I am heavy and disconsolate.

[*Exit all but Bajazet.*

So, Bajazet, now thou remainest alone,

Unrip the thoughts that harbour in thy  
breast  
And eat thee up ; for arbiter here's none  
That may descry the cause of thy unrest,  
Unless these walls thy secret thoughts  
declare :  
And princes' walls they say unfaithful  
are.  
Why, that's the profit of great regiment,\*  
That all of us are subject unto fears,  
And this vain shew and glorious intent,  
Privy suspicion on each scruple rears.  
Ay, though on all the world we make  
extent,  
From the South Pole unto the Northern  
Bears,  
And stretch our reign from East to  
Western shore,  
Yet doubt and care are with us ever-  
more.  
Look how the earth clad in her summer's  
pride  
Embroidereth her mantle gorgeously  
With fragrant herbs and flowers gaily  
dyed,  
Spreading abroad her spangled tapestry :  
Yet under all a loathsome snake doth  
hide.

\* *government.*

Such is our life ; under crowns cares do lie,  
 And fear, the sceptre still attends upon.  
 Oh, who can take delight in kingly throne ?  
 Public disorders joined with private care ;  
 Care of our friends, and of our children dear,  
 Do tost our lives, as waves a silly bark.  
 Though we be fearless, 'tis not without fear,  
 For hidden mischief lurketh in the dark :  
 And storms may fall, be the day ne'er so clear.  
 He knows not what it is to be a king  
 That thinks a sceptre is a pleasant thing.  
 ('Selimus,' xiv., pp. 195, 196.)



*SOLILOQUY OF SELIMUS—  
 USURPER AND TYRANT.*

Now, Selimus, consider who thou art ;  
 Long hast thou march'd in disgui'd attire,  
 But now unmask thyself, and play thy part,

And manifest the heat of thy desire ;  
Nourish the coals of thine ambitious fire ;  
And think that then thy empire is most  
sure,  
When men for fear thy tyranny endure.  
Think that to thee there is no worse  
reproach  
Than filial duty in so high a place. -  
Thou ought'st to set barrels of blood  
abroach,  
And seek with sword whole kingdoms to  
displace :  
Let Mahound's\* laws be locked up in  
their case,  
And meaner men, and of a baser spirit,  
In virtuous actions seek for glorious  
merit.  
I count it sacrilege for to be holy,  
Or reverence this threadbare name of  
good ;  
Leave to old men and babes that kind  
of folly,  
Count it of equal value with the mud :  
Make thou a passage for thy gushing  
flood,  
By slaughter, treason, or what else thou  
can,  
And scorn religion ; it disgraces man.

\* *Mahomet.*

Nor pass I what our holy votaries  
Shall here object against my forward  
mind ;

I reck not of their foolish ceremonies,  
But mean to take my fortune as I find :  
Wisdom commands to follow tide and  
wind,

And catch the front of swift Occasion,  
Before she be too quickly overgone :

Some men will say I am too impious  
Thus to lay siege against my father's life,  
And that I ought to follow virtuous  
And godly sons ; that virtue is a glass  
Wherein I may my errant life behold,  
And frame myself by it in ancient mould.

Good Sir, your wisdom's overflowing  
wit,

Digs deep with Learning's wonder-  
working spade :

Perhaps you think that now forsooth  
you fit

With some grave wizard in a prattling  
shade.

Avaunt such glasses ; let them view in me,  
The perfect picture of right tyranny.

Is he my father ? why, I am his son ;  
I owe no more to him than he to me.

But for I see the Schoolmen are prepar'd  
To plant 'gainst me their bookish ordinance,  
I mean to stand on a sententious guard ;  
And without any far-fetched circumstance,  
Quickly unfold mine own opinion,  
To arm my heart with Irreligion.  
When first this circled round, this building fair,  
Some god took out of the confusèd mass  
(What god I do not know, nor greatly care) ;  
Then every man of his own 'dition was,  
And everyone his life in peace did pass.  
War was not then, and riches were not known,  
And no man said this, or this, is mine own.  
The ploughman with a furrow did not mark  
How far his great possessions did reach ;  
The earth knew not the share, nor seas the bark.  
The soldiers enter'd not the batter'd breach,  
Nor trumpets the tantara loud did teach.

There needed then no judge, nor yet  
no law,  
Nor any king of whom to stand in awe.  
But after Ninus, warlike Belus' son,  
The earth with unknown armour did  
array,  
Then first the sacred name of king begun,  
And things that were as common as the  
day,  
Did then to set possessors first obey.  
Then they establish'd laws and holy rites,  
To maintain peace, and govern bloody  
fights.  
Then some sage man, above the vulgar  
wife,  
Knowing that laws could not in quiet  
dwell,  
Unless they were observ'd ; did first  
devise  
The names of gods, religion, heaven  
and hell,  
And 'gan of pains and feign'd rewards  
to tell :  
Pains for those men which did neglect  
the law,  
Rewards for those that liv'd in quiet awe.  
Whereas indeed they were mere fictions,  
And if they were not, Selim thinks they  
were ;

And these religious observations,  
Only bug-bears to keep the world in  
fear,

And make men quietly a yoke to bear.  
So that Religion of itself a bable,\*  
Was only found to make us peaceable.  
Hence in especial come the foolish names  
Of father, mother, brother, and such  
like :

For who so well his cogitation frames,  
Shall find they serve but only for to  
strike

Into our minds a certain kind of love.  
For these names too are but a policy  
To keep the quiet of society.

Indeed, I must confess they are not  
bad,

Because they keep the baser sort in fear ;  
But we, whose mind in heavenly thoughts  
is clad ;

Whose body doth a glorious spirit bear ;  
That hath no bounds, but flieth every-  
where ;

Why should we seek to make that soul a  
slave,

To which dame Nature so large freedom  
gave ?

Amongst us men there is some difference

\* *bauble.*

*a - w - o - n - a l*

Of actions, termèd by us good or ill :  
As he that doth his father recompence,  
Differs from him that doth his father  
kill.  
And yet I think, think other what they  
will,  
That parricides, when death hath given  
them rest,  
Shall have as good a part as have the  
best ;  
And that's just nothing : for as I suppose  
In death's void kingdom reigns eternal  
night :  
Secure of evil, and secure of foes,  
Where nothing doth the wicked man  
affright,  
No more than him that dies in doing  
right.  
Then since in death nothing shall to us  
fall,  
Here while I live, I'll have a snatch at  
all ;  
And that can never, never be attain'd  
Unless old Bajazet do die the death.  
(*'Selimus,'* xiv., pp. 201-206.)



*Selimus again alone—defeated.*

Shall Selim's hope be buried in the dust?  
 And Bajazet triumph over his fall?  
 Then oh, thou blindful mistress of  
 mishap,  
 Chief patroness of Rhamus'\* golden gates,  
 I will advance my strong revenging hand,  
 And pluck thee from thy ever-turning  
 wheel.

Mars, or Minerva, Mahound, Terma-  
 gunt,  
 Or whosoe'er you are that fight 'gainst me,  
 Come, and but show yourselves before  
 my face,  
 And I will rend you all like trembling  
 reeds.

Well, Bajazet, though Fortune smile  
 on thee,  
 And deck thy camp with glorious  
 victory ;  
 Though Selimus now conquered by thee  
 Is fain to put his safety in swift flight ;  
 Yet so he flies, that like an angry ram  
 He'll turn more fiercely than before he  
 came.

(*Ibid.*, p. 218.)

\* Misprinted so for Rhamnus=Ramnusia,  
 surname of Nemesis.—G.

**JONAH'S APPEAL TO  
LONDON AND ENGLAND.**

You Islanders, on whom the milder air  
Doth sweetly breathe the balm of kind  
increase ;  
Whose lands are fatt'ned with the dew  
of Heaven,  
And made more fruitful than Aetean  
plains ;  
You, whom delicious pleasures dandle  
soft ;  
Whose eyes are blinded with security ;  
Unmask yourselves, cast error clean  
afide.

O, London, maiden of the mistress  
Isle,  
Wrapt in the folds and swathing clouts  
of shame,  
In thee more sins than Nineveh con-  
tains :  
Contempt of God, despite of reverend  
age,  
Neglect of law, desire to wrong the  
poor,  
Corruption, whoredom, drunkenness,  
and pride.  
Swollen are thy brows with impudence  
and shame :

O, proud, adulterous glory of the West,  
 Thy neighbours burn, yet dost thou fear  
     no fire ;  
 Thy preachers cry, yet dost thou stop  
     thine ears ;  
 The 'larum rings, yet sleepeth thou  
     secure.  
 London, awake, for fear the Lord do  
     frown.  
 I set a looking-glaſſ before thine eyes,  
 O turn, O turn, with weeping to the  
     Lord,  
 And think the prayers and virtues of  
     thy Queen\*  
 Defers the plague which otherwise  
     would fall.  
 Repent, O London, left for thine offence,  
 Thy ſhepherd fail, whom mighty God  
     preferve :  
 That ſhe may 'bide the pillar of the  
     Church  
 Against the ſtorms of Romiſh anti-Christ ;  
 The hand of mercy overſhed her head ;  
 And let all faithful ſubjects ſay Amen.  
 ('A Looking-glaſſ for London and Eng-  
     land' [1594], xiv., pp. 112, 113.)



\* Elizabeth.—G.

## DISPRAISE OF LOVE.

Some say Love,  
Foolish Love,  
Doth rule and govern all the gods :  
I say Love,  
Inconstant Love,  
Sets men's senses far at odds.  
Some swear Love,  
Smooth-fac'd Love,  
Is sweetest sweet that men can have :  
I say Love,  
Sour Love,  
Makes Virtue yield as Beauty's slave :  
A bitter sweet, a folly worst of all,  
That forceth Wisdom to be Folly's thrall.

Love is sweet :  
Wherein sweet ?  
In fading pleasures that do pain.  
Beauty sweet :  
Is that sweet,  
That yieldeth sorrow for a gain ?  
If Love's sweet,  
Herein sweet,  
That minutes' joys are monthly woes :  
'Tis not sweet,  
That is sweet  
Nowhere but where repentance grows :

Then love who list, if Beauty be so sour ;  
 Labour for me, Love rest in prince's  
 bower.

(‘Menaphon’ [1589], vi., pp. 41, 42.)



✓ *LOVE (= Cupid as child).*

Fond, feigning poets make of love a god,  
 And leave the laurel for the myrtle-  
 boughs

When Cupid is a child not past the rod,  
 And fair Diana Daphne most allows :  
 I'll wear the bays, and call the wag a  
 boy,

And think of love but as a foolish toy.

Some give him bow and quiver at his  
 back ;

Some make him blind to aim without  
 advice ;

When, naked wretch, such feathered  
 bolts he lack

And fight he hath, but cannot wrong  
 the wife ;

For use but labour's weapon for defence,  
 And Cupid, like a coward, flieth thence.

He's god in Court, but cottage calls him  
child ;  
And Vesta's virgins with their holy  
fires  
Do cleanse the thoughts that fancy hath  
defiled,  
And burn the palace of his fond  
desires ;  
With chaste disdain they scorn the foolish  
god,  
And prove him but a boy not past the  
rod.  
(‘Ciceronis Amor’ [1589], vii., p. 136.)

*LOVE'S TREACHERY.\**

Cupid abroad was 'lated in the night,  
His wings were wet with ranging in  
the rain ;  
Harbour he sought, to me he took his  
flight,  
To dry his plumes : I heard the boy  
complain ;  
I oped the door, and granted his desire ;  
I rose myself, and made the wag a fire.

\* After Anacreon. Another slightly variant text in ‘Alcida’ (1588).

Looking more narrow by the fire's flame,  
I spied his quiver hanging by his  
back :  
Doubting the boy might my misfortune  
frame,  
I would have gone for fear of further  
wrack ;  
But what I drad, did me, poor wretch,  
betide ;  
For forth he drew an arrow from his  
fide.  
  
He pierced the quick, and I began to  
start ;  
A pleasing wound, but that it was too  
high ;  
His shaft procured a sharp yet sugared  
smart :  
Away he flew, for why\* his wings  
were dry ;  
But left the arrow sticking in my breast,  
That sore I grieved I welcomed such a  
guest.  
(‘The Orpharion’ [1589], xii., pp.  
73, 74.)



\* because.

**DORON'S DESCRIPTION OF  
SAMELA.**

Like to Diana in her summer-weed,  
Girt with a crimson robe of brightest  
dye,

Goes fair Samela ;

Whiter than be the flocks that straggling  
feed,

When washed by Arethusa, faint\* they  
lie,

Is fair Samela ;

As fair Aurora in her morning grey,  
Decked with the ruddy glister of her  
love,

Is fair Samela ;

Like lovely Thetis on a calmèd day,  
Whenas her brightness Neptune's fancy  
move,

Shines fair Samela ;

Her tresses gold, her eyes like glassy  
streams ;

Her teeth are pearl, the breasts are ivory ;  
Of fair Samela ;

\* Sidney Walker plausibly proposes 'fount ;'  
but 'faint' is the undoubted reading, and  
yields an excellent sense.—G.

Her cheeks, like rose and lily, yield  
forth gleams ;  
Her brows bright arches framed of ebony :  
Thus fair Samela  
'Passest fair Venus in her bravest hue,  
And Juno in the show of majesty :  
For she's Samela ;  
Pallas in wit, all three if you will view,  
For beauty, wit, and matchless dignity,  
Yield to Samela.  
(‘Menaphon’ [1589], vi., pp. 65, 66.)



*N'OSEREZ VOUS, MON BEL  
AMI?*

Sweet Adon, darest not glance thine  
eye,—

*N'oserez vous, mon bel ami ?—  
Upon thy Venus that must die ?*

*Je vous en prie, pity me ;  
N'oserez vous, mon bel, mon bel,  
N'oserez vous, mon bel ami ?*

See how sad thy Venus lies,—

*N'oserez vous, mon bel ami ?—  
Love in heart, and tears in eyes ;  
Je vous en prie, pity me ;*

*N'oserez vous, mon bel, mon bel,  
N'oserez vous, mon bel ami ?*

Thy face as fair as Paphos' brooks,—

*N'oserez vous, mon bel ami ?—*

Wherein Fancy baits her hooks ;

*Je vous en prie, pity me ;*

*N'oserez vous, mon bel, mon bel,*

*N'oserez vous, mon bel ami ?*

Thy cheeks, like cherries that do grow,—

*N'oserez vous, mon bel ami ?—*

Amongst the Western mounts of snow ;

*Je vous en prie, pity me ;*

*N'oserez vous, mon bel, mon bel,*

*N'oserez vous, mon bel ami ?*

Thy lips vermillion, full of love,—

*N'oserez vous, mon bel ami ?—*

Thy neck as silver-white as dove ;

*Je vous en prie, pity me ;*

*N'oserez vous, mon bel, mon bel,*

*N'oserez vous, mon bel ami ?*

Thine eyes, like flames of holy fires,—

*N'oserez vous, mon bel ami ?—*

Burn all my thoughts with sweet desires ;

*Je vous en prie, pity me ;*

*N'oserez vous, mon bel, mon bel,*

*N'oserez vous, mon bel ami ?—*

All thy beauties sting my heart ;—  
*N'oserez vous, mon bel ami ?—*  
I must die through Cupid's dart ;  
*Je vous en prie, pity me ;*  
*N'oserez vous, mon bel, mon bel,*  
*N'oserez vous, mon bel ami ?*

Wilt thou let thy Venus die ?—  
*N'oserez vous, mon bel ami ?—*  
Adon were unkind, say I,—  
*Je vous en prie, pity me ;*  
*N'oserez vous, mon bel, mon bel,*  
*N'oserez vous, mon bel ami ?*

To let fair Venus die for woe,—  
*N'oserez vous, mon bel ami ?—*  
That doth love sweet Adon so ;  
*Je vous en prie, pity me ;*  
*N'oserez vous, mon bel, mon bel,*  
*N'oserez vous, mon bel ami ?*  
(‘Never Too Late’ [1590], viii., pp.  
75, 76.)



*EURYMACHUS' FANCY IN THE PRIME OF HIS AFFECTION.*

When lordly Saturn, in a sable robe,  
Sat full of frowns and mourning in the  
West ;  
The evening star scarce peeped from  
out her lodge,  
And Phœbus newly galloped to his rest ;  
Even then  
Did I

Within my boat fit in the silent streams,  
All void of eares as he that lies and  
dreams.

As Phao, so a ferryman I was ;  
The country-lasses said I was too fair :  
With easy toil I laboured at mine oar,  
To pass from side to side who did repair ;  
And then  
Did I

For pains take pence, and, Charon-like,  
transport  
As soon the swain as men of high  
import.

When want of work did give me leave  
to rest,  
My sport was catching of the wanton  
fish :

So did I wear the tedious time away,  
And with my labour mended oft my  
dish ;

For why\*  
I thought

That idle hours were calendars of  
ruth,  
And time ill-spent was prejudice to  
youth.

I scorned to love ; for were the nymph  
as fair

As she that loved the beauteous Latmian  
swain ;

Her face, her eyes, her tresses, nor her  
brows

Like ivory could my affection gain ;

For why  
I said

With high disdain, 'Love is a base  
desire,

And Cupid's flames, why, they're but  
watery fire.'

As thus I sat, disdaining of proud love,  
'Have over, ferryman !' there cried a  
boy ;

\* because.

And with him was a paragon for  
hue,  
A lovely damsel, beauteous and coy ;  
    And there  
    With her  
A maiden, covered with a tawny veil ;  
Her face unseen for breeding lover's  
bale.

I steered my boat, and when I came to  
shore,  
The boy was winged ; methought it  
was a wonder ;  
The dame had eyes like lightning, or  
the flash  
That runs before the hot report of  
thunder ;  
    Her smiles  
    Were sweet,  
Lovely her face ; was ne'er so fair a  
creature ;  
For earthly carcase had a heavenly  
feature.

‘My friend,’ quoth she, ‘sweet ferry-  
man, behold,  
We three must pass, but not a farthing  
fare ;

But I will give, for I am Queen of  
love,  
The brightest lass thou lik'st unto thy  
share ;

Choose where  
Thou lovest,

Be she as fair as Love's sweet lady is,  
She shall be thine, if that will be thy  
bliss.'

With that she smiled with such a pleasing  
face  
As might have made the marble rock  
relent ;  
But I, that triumphed in disdain of  
love,  
Bade fie on him that to fond love was  
bent :

And then  
Said thus,

' So light the ferryman for love doth  
care,  
As Venus pass not if she pay no fare.'

At this a frown sat on her angry  
brow ;  
She winks upon her wanton son hard  
by ;  
He from his quiver drew a bolt of fire,

And aimed so right as that he pierced  
mine eye ;

And then  
Did she

Draw down the veil that hid the virgin's  
face,

Whose heavenly beauty lightened all the  
place.\*

Straight then I leaned mine arm upon  
mine oar,

And looked upon the nymph (if so†) was  
fair ;

Her eyes were stars, and like Apollo's  
locks

Methought appeared the trammels of  
her hair :

Thus did  
I gaze,

And sucked in beauty, till that sweet  
desire

Cast fuel on, and set my thoughts on fire.

When I was lodged within the net of  
love,

And thus they saw my heart was all on  
flame ;

\* Spenser probably inspired this exquisite  
fancy.—G.

† Query, *if she* ?

The nymph away, and with her trips  
along  
The wingèd boy, and with her goes his  
dame :

O, then  
I cried,

‘Stay, ladies, stay, and take not any care,  
You all shall pass, and pay no penny  
fare.’

Away they fling, and looking coyly back,  
They laugh at me, O, with a loud dis-  
dain !

I send out sighs to overtake the nymphs,  
And tears, as lures, to call them back  
again ;

But they  
Fly thence ;

But I sit in my boat, with hand on oar,  
And feel a pain, but know not what’s  
the sore.

At last I feel it is the flame of love ;  
I strive, but bootless, to express the pain ;  
It cools, it fires, it hopes, it fears, it frets,  
And stirreth passions throughout every  
vein ;

That down  
I sat,

And sighing did fair Venus' laws approve,  
And swore no thing so sweet and sour  
as love.

(‘Francesco’s Fortunes ; or, the Second Part of Never too Late’ [1590], viii., pp. 175-179.)



### *LOVE.*

#### *Mullidor’s Madrigal.*

Dildido, dildido,  
O love, O love,  
I feel thy rage rumble below and above!

In summer-time I saw a face,  
*Trop belle pour moi, hélas, hélas !*  
Like to a stoned-horse was her pace :  
Was ever young man so dismayed ?  
Her eyes, like wax-torches, did make  
me afraid :  
*Trop belle pour moi, voilà mon trépas.*

Thy beauty, my love, exceedeth sup-  
poses ;  
Thy hair is a nettle for the nicest roses.  
*Mon dieu, aide moi !*

That I with the primrose of my fresh  
wit

May tumble her tyranny under my feet :

*Hé donc je serai un jeune roi !*

*Trop belle pour moi, hélas, hélas !*

*Trop belle pour moi, voilà mon trépas.*

(‘Francesco’s Fortunes ; or, the Second part of Never too Late,’ viii., p. 217.)



### PASSIONATE LOVERS.

Whoſo readeth the Romiſh Records and Grecian Histories, and turneth over the volumes filled with the reports of paſſionate lovers, ſhall find ſundry ſonnets ſauced with ſorrowful paſſions, divers ditties declaring their dumps, careful complaints, woeful wailings, and a thouſand ſundry hapleſs motions, wherein the poor perplexed lovers do point out how the beauty of their miſtress hath amazed their minds, how their fancy is fettered with their exquife perfection, how they are ſnares with the form of her feature [= person], how the giſts of Naſure ſo bountifully beſtowed upon her hath entangled their minds

and bewitched their senses : that her excellent virtue, and singular bounty hath so charmed their affections, and her rare qualities hath so drowned them in desire, as they esteem her courtesy more than Cæsar's kingdoms, her love more than lordships, and her good will more than all worldly wealth. Tush, all treasure is but trash in respect of her person. ('Morando' [1587], iii., pp. 63, 64.)

*EURYMACHUS IN PRAISE OF MIRIMIDA.*

When Flora, proud in pomp of all her flowers,

Sat bright and gay,

And gloried in the dew of Iris showers,

And did display

Her mantle chequered all with gaudy green :

Then I

Alone

A mournful man in Erecine was seen.

With folded arms I trampled through  
the grass,  
Tracing, as he  
That held the Throne of Fortune brittle  
glass,  
And love to be  
Like fortune fleeting, as the restless wind  
Mixed  
With mists,  
Whose damp doth make the clearest eyes  
grow blind.

Thus in a maze I spied a hideous flame :  
I cast my sight,  
And saw where blythely bathing in the  
fame,  
With great delight,  
A worm did lie, wrapt in a smoky sweat :  
And yet  
'Twas strange  
It careless lay, and shrank not at the  
heat.

I stood amazed, and wondering at the  
sight,  
While that a dame  
That shone like to the heaven's rich  
sparkling light,  
Discoursed the same :

And said, My friend, this worm within  
the fire

Which lies  
Content,

Is Venus' worm, and represents Desire.

A Salamander is this princely beast,  
Deck'd with a crown,  
Given him by Cupid, as a gorgeous  
crest

'Gainst Fortune's frown :  
Content he lies, and bathes him in the  
flame,

And goes  
Not forth :

For why he cannot live without the  
same.

As he : so lovers lie within the fire  
Of fervent love,  
And shrink not from the flame of hot  
desire,

Nor will not move  
From any heat that Venus' force im-  
parts :

But lie  
Content

Within a fire, and waste away their  
hearts.

Up flew the dame, and vanish'd in a  
cloud,  
    But there stood I,  
And many thoughts within my mind did  
shroud  
    Of love : for why  
I felt within my heart a scorching fire,  
    And yet  
        As did  
The Salamander, 'twas my whole desire.  
(‘Never too Late’ [1590], viii., pp.  
207-209.)



### *LOVE—WHAT?*

What thing is love ? It is a power divine  
That reigns in us ; or else a wreakful  
    law  
That dooms our minds to beauty to in-  
cline :  
It is a star, whose influence doth draw  
    Our hearts to Love, dissembling of  
        his might,  
Till he be master of our hearts and  
    fight.

Love is a discord, and a strange divorce  
Betwixt our sense and reason, by whose  
power,

As mad with reason, we admit that force,  
Which wit or labour never may devour.

It is a will that brooketh no consent :  
It would refuse, yet never may repent.

Love's a desire, which for to wait a time,  
Doth lose an age of years, and so doth  
pafs,

As doth the shadow sever'd from his  
prime,

Seeming as though it were, yet never  
was :

Leaving behind nought but repentant  
thoughts

Of days ill spent, for that which  
profits nougts.

It's now a peace, and then a sudden war ;  
A hope consum'd before it is conceiv'd ;  
At hand it fears, and menaceth afar,  
And he that gains is most of all deceiv'd :

It is a secret hidden and not known,  
Which one may better feel than write  
upon.

(‘ Menaphon ’ [1589], vi., pp. 140, 141.)



*GENTLE COURTSHIPS  
REJECTED.*

*Grime.* I say, Sir Gilbert, looking on  
my daughter,  
I curse the hour that ever I got the  
girl :  
For, Sir, she may have many wealthy  
suitors,  
And yet she despairs them all,  
To have poor George a Greene unto  
her husband.

*Bonfield.* On that, good Grime, I am  
talking with thy daughter ;  
But she, in quirks and quiddities of love,  
Sets me to school, she is so over-wise.  
But, gentle girl, if thou wilt forsake the  
Pinner,  
And be my love, I will advance thee  
high :  
To dignify those hairs of amber hue,  
I'll grace them with a chaplet made of  
pearl,  
Set with choice rubies, sparks, and  
diamonds  
Planted upon a velvet hood, to hide that  
head  
Wherein two sapphires burn like spark-  
ling fire :

This will I do, fair Bettris, and far more,  
If thou wilt love the Lord of Doncaster.

*Bettris.* Heigh ho, my heart is in a  
higher place,  
Perhaps on the earl, if that be he :  
See where he comes, or angry, or in  
love ;  
For why, his colour looketh discontent.  
(‘George a Greene, the Pinner of Wake-  
field’ [1599], xiv., pp. 131, 132.)



#### *GEORGE A GREENE AND BEATRICE (BETTRIS).*

*George.* Tell me, sweet love, how is  
thy mind content ?  
What, canst thou brook to live with  
George a Greene ?  
*Bettris.* Oh, George, how little pleaf-  
ing are these words ?  
Came I from Bradford for the love of  
thee,  
And left my father for so sweet a friend ?  
Here will I live until my life do end.  
*George.* Happy am I to have so sweet  
a love.

(*Ibid.*, p. 168.)

## LOVE-SUPPLANTER.

*Edward, Prince of Wales.*

*Lacy, Earl of Lincoln.*

*Enter Prince Edward, with his poniard in his hand: Lacy and Margaret.*

*Edward.* Lacy, thou canst not shroud thy traitrous thoughts,

Nor cover, as did Cassius, all his wiles ;  
For Edward hath an eye that looks as far  
As Linceus from the shores of Grecia.

Did not I sit in Oxford by the friar,  
And see thee court the maid of Fresing-  
field,

Sealing thy flattering fancies with a kiss ?  
Did not proud Bungay draw his portasse  
forth,

And joining hand in hand had married  
you,

If Friar Bacon had not strook him dumb,  
And mounted him upon a spirit's back,  
That we might chat at Oxford with the  
friar ?

Traitor, what answerest, is not all this  
true ?

*Lacy.* Truth all, my lord, and thus I  
make reply :

At Harlstone Fair there courting for  
your grace,  
Whenas mine eye survey'd her curious  
shape,\*  
And drew the beauteous glory of her  
looks,  
To dive into the centre of my heart ;  
Love taught me that your honour did  
but jest,  
That princes were in fancy but as men :  
How that the lovely maid of Frefingfield  
Was fitter to be Lacy's wedded wife,  
Than concubine unto the Prince of  
Wales.

*Edward.* Injurious Lacy, did I love  
thee more  
Than Alexander his Hephestion ?  
Did I unfold the passion of my love,  
And lock them in the closet of thy  
thoughts ?  
Wert thou to Edward second to himself,  
Sole friend, and partner of his secret  
loves ?  
And could a glance of fading beauty  
break  
Th'inchained fetters of such private  
friends ?

\* *curiosity-exciting shape.*

Base coward, false, and too effeminate,  
To be co-rival with a prince in thoughts:  
From Oxford have I posted since I dined,  
To 'quite a traitor 'fore that Edward sleep.

*Margaret.* 'Twas I, my lord, not

Lacy stepp'd awry,  
For oft he sued and courted for yourself,  
And still wo'd for the courtier all in  
green;

But I whom fancy made but overfond,  
Pleaded myself with looks as if I lov'd ;  
I fed mine eye with gazing on his face,  
And still bewitch'd, lov'd Lacy with my  
looks :

My heart with sighs, mine eyes pleaded  
with tears,

My face held pity and content at once,  
And more I could not cipher out by  
signs,

But that I lov'd Lord Lacy with my  
heart.

Then, worthy Edward, measure with  
thy mind,

If women's favours will not force men  
fall ;

If beauty, and if darts of piercing love  
Is not of force to bury thoughts of  
friends. . . .

('Friar Bacon,' xiii., pp. 49-51.)

**LOVE NO MORTAL PASSION.**

Truly, sir (quoth Panthia), to speak my mind freely without affectation, in this case this is my opinion. That love being no mortal passion, but a supernatural influence allotted unto every man by Destiny, charmeth and enchanteth the minds of mortal creatures, not according to their wills, but as the decree of the Fates shall determine, for some are in love at the first look. As was Perseus with Andromeda. Some never to be reclaimed, as was Narcissus. Others scorched at the first sight, as Venus herself was of Adonis. Some always proclaim open wars to Cupid, as did Daphne. Thus I conclude, that men or women are no more or less subject unto love, respecting their natural constitution, but by the secret influence of a certain supernatural constellation. ('Morando' [1587], iii., p. 108.)



*SILVESTRO'S LADY-LOVE.*

Her stature like the tall straight cedar-trees,  
Whose stately bulks doth fame th' Arabian groves ;  
A face like princely Juno when she braved  
The Queen of Love 'fore Paris in the vale :  
A front beset with love and courtesy ;  
A face like modest Pallas when she blush'd  
A silly shepherd should be Beauty's judge :  
A lip sweet ruby red, grac'd with delight ;  
A cheek wherein for interchange of hue  
A wrangling strife 'twixt lily and the rose :  
Her eyes, two twinkling stars in Winter nights,  
When chilling frost doth clear the azur'd sky ;  
Her hair of golden hue doth dim the beams  
That proud Apollo giveth from his coach :  
The Gnydian doves, whose white and snowy pens

Doth stain the silver-streaming ivory,  
May not compare with those two moving  
hills  
Which, topt with pretty teats, discovers  
down a vale  
Wherein the god of love may deign to  
sleep ;  
A foot like Thetis when she tript the  
lands  
To steal Neptune's favour with her steps.  
(*'Tritameron,' 2nd pt. [1587], iii., p. 123.*)



### *MENALCAS—THE PRODIGAL'S RETURN.*

The silent shade had shadowed every  
tree,  
And Phœbus in the west was shrouded  
low ;  
Each hive had home her busy labouring  
bee ;  
Each bird the harbour of the night did  
know :  
Even then,  
When thus

All things did from their weary labour  
lin,  
Menalcas fate and thought him of his  
fin.

His head on hand, his elbow on his  
knee,  
And tears, like dew, bedrench'd upon  
his face ;  
His face as sad as any swain's might be ;  
His thoughts and dumps befitting well  
the place :

Even then,  
When thus

Menalcas fate in passions all alone,  
He sighèd then, and thus he 'gan to  
moan.

I that fed flocks upon Theffalia's plains  
And bade my lambs to feed on daffodil,  
That liv'd on milk and curds, poor  
shepherd's gains,  
And merry fate, and pip'd upon a  
pleasant hill.

Even then,  
When thus

I fate secure and fear'd not Fortune's  
ire,  
Mine eyes eclips'd, fast blinded by desire.

Then lofty thoughts began to lift my  
mind ;

I grudg'd and thought my fortune was  
too low ;

A shepherd's life 'twas base and out of  
kind ;

The tallest cedars have the fairest grow.  
Even then,  
When thus

Pride did intend the sequel of my ruth,  
Began the faults and follies of my  
youth.

I left the fields, and took me to the  
town ;

Fold sheep who list, the hook was cast  
away,

Menalcas would not be a country clown,  
Nor shepherd's weeds, but garments far  
more gay :

Even then,  
When thus

Aspiring thoughts did follow after ruth,  
Began the faults and follies of my youth.

My suits were silk, my talk was all of  
State ;

I stretch'd beyond the compass of my  
sleeve ;

The bravest courtier was Menalcas'  
mate ;  
Spend what I would, I never thought  
on grief.

Even then,  
When thus

I lash'd out lavish, then began my ruth,  
And then I felt the follies of my  
youth.

I cast mine eye on every wanton face,  
And straight desire did hale me on to  
love ;  
Then, lover-like, I pray'd for Venus'  
grace,  
That she my mistress' deep affects might  
move :

Even then,  
When thus

Love trapp'd me in the fatal bands of  
ruth,  
Began the faults and follies of my youth.

No cost I spar'd to please my mistress'  
eye ;  
No time ill spent in presence of her  
fright ;  
Yet oft she frown'd, and then her love  
must die,

But when she smil'd, oh then a happy wight :

Even then,  
When thus

Desire did draw me on to deem of ruth,  
Began the faults and follies of my youth.

The day in poems often did I pass,  
The night in sighs and sorrows for her grace ;

And she as fickle as the brittle glass,  
Held sunshine showers within her flattering face :

Even then,  
When thus

I spied the woes that women's love ensueth,

I saw, and loath'd the follies of my youth.

I noted oft that beauty was a blaze ;  
I saw that love was but a heap of cares ;  
That such as stood as deer do at the gaze,  
And sought their wealth amongst affection's snares ;

Even such,  
I saw,

With hot pursuit did follow after ruth,  
And fostered up the follies of their youth.

Thus clogg'd with love, with passions  
and with grief,  
I saw the country life had least molest ;  
I felt a wound and pain would have  
relief,  
And thus resolv'd, I thought would fall  
out best :

Even then,  
When thus

I felt my senses almost fold to ruth,  
I thought to leave the follies of my youth.

To flocks again, away the wanton town ;  
Fond pride, avaunt, give me the sheep-  
herd's hook ;  
A coat of gray, I'll be a country clown :  
Mine eye shall scorn on beauty for to  
look :

No more,  
A-do :

Both pride and love, are ever pain'd\*  
with ruth,  
And therefore farewell the follies of my  
youth.

(‘Mourning Garment’ [1590], ix.,  
pp. 214-218.)

\* *pair'd* (?)

*MISERRIMUS.*

Deceiving world, that with alluring toys  
Hast made my life the subject of thy  
scorn,  
And scornest now to lend thy fading  
joys  
T'outlength my life, whom friends  
have left forlorn ;  
How well are they that die ere they  
be born,  
And never see thy sleights, which few  
men shun  
Till unawares they helpless are un-  
done !

Oft have I sung of Love and of his  
fire ;  
But now I find that poet was advised  
Which made full feasts increasers of  
desire,  
And proves weak love was with the  
poor despised ;  
For when the life with food is not  
sufficed,  
What thoughts of Love, what motion  
of delight,  
What pleasance can proceed from such  
a wight ?

Witness my want, the murderer of my  
wit,  
My ravished sense, of wonted fury  
reft,  
Wants such conceit, as should in poems  
fit,  
Set down the sorrow wherein I am  
left :  
But therefore have high heavens their  
gifts bereft,  
Because so long they lent them me to  
use,  
And I so long their bounty did abuse.

O, that a year were granted me to live,  
And for that year my former wit  
restored !  
What rules of life, what counsel would  
I give,  
How should my sin with sorrow be  
deplored !  
But I must die of every man abhorred :  
Time loosely spent will not again be  
won ;  
My time is loosely spent, and I un-  
done.  
(‘Groat’s-worth of Wit, bought with a  
Million of Repentance’ [1592], xii.,  
pp. 137, 138.)

**PALMER'S ODE.**

Down the valley 'gan he track,  
Bag and bottle at his back,  
In a surcoat all of gray ;  
Such wear Palmers on the way,  
When with scrip and staff they see  
Jesu's grave on Calvary.  
A hat of straw like a swain  
Shelter for the sun and rain,  
With a scollop shell before :  
Sandals on his feet he wore ;  
Legs were bare, arms unclad ;  
Such attire this Palmer had.  
His face fair like Titan's shine,  
Gray and buxom were his eyne,  
Whereout dropt pearls of sorrow :  
Such sweet tears Love doth borrow,  
When in outward dews she plains  
Heart's distress that lovers pains :  
Ruby lips, cherry cheeks :  
Such rare mixture Venus seeks,  
When to keep her damsels quiet  
Beauty sets them down their diet :  
Adon was not thought more fair.  
Curled locks of amber hair—  
Locks where Love did fit and twine  
Nets to snare the gazer's eyne :

Such a Palmer ne'er was seen,  
 Less love himself had Palmer been,  
 Yet for all he was so quaint  
 Sorrow did his visage taint.\*  
 Midst the riches of his face,  
 Grief decipher'd his disgrace,  
 Every step strain'd a tear,  
 Sudden sighs show'd his fear :  
 And yet his fear by his fight,  
 Ended in a strange delight.  
 That his passions did approve,  
 Weeds and sorrow were for love.

(Greene's 'Never too Late' [1590], viii.,  
 pp. 13-15.)



*ANOTHER OF THE SAME.*

Old Menalcas on a day,  
 As in field this shepherd lay,  
 Tuning of his oaten pipe,  
 Which he hit with many a stripe ;  
 Said to Corydon that he  
 Once was young and full of glee :  
 Blythe and wanton was I then,  
 Such desires follow men.

\* *taint.*

As I lay and kept my sheep,  
Came the god that hateth sleep,  
Clad in armour all of fire,  
Hand in hand with Queen Desire :  
And with a dart that wounded nigh,  
Pierc'd my heart as I did lie :  
That when I woke I 'gan swear,  
Phillis' beauty palm did bear.  
Up I start, forth went I  
With her face to feed mine eye :  
There I saw Desire fit,  
That my heart with love had hit,  
Laying forth bright Beauty's hooks  
To entrap my gazing looks.  
Love I did, and 'gan to woo,  
Pray and sigh ; all would not do :  
Women when they take the toy\*  
Covet to be counted coy.  
Coy she was, and I 'gan court ;  
She thought love was but a sport.  
Profound Hell was in my thought :  
Such a pain Desire had wrought,  
That I sued with sighs and tears.  
Still ingrate she stopt her ears  
Till my youth I had spent.  
Last a passion of repent,  
Told me flat that Desire,

\* *trifling, playing.*

Was a brand of Love's fire,  
 Which consumeth men in thrall,  
 Virtue, youth, wit, and all.  
 At this saw back I start,  
 But Desire from my heart,  
 Shook off Love ; and made an oath,  
 To be enemy to both.  
 Old I was when thus I fled,  
 Such fond toys as cloy'd my head.  
 But this I learn'd at Virtue's gate,  
 The way to good is never late.

(*Ibid.*, pp. 17-19.)



*THE PENITENT PALMER'S  
ODE.*

Whilom in the Winter's rage  
 A Palmer old and full of age,  
 Sat and thought upon his youth,  
 With eyes, tears, and heart of ruth :  
 Being all with cares yblent,  
 When he thought on years misspent.  
 Then his follies came to mind,  
 How fond love had made him blind,  
 And wrapt him in a field of woes,  
 Shadowed with Pleasure's shooes ;  
 Then he sighèd and said alas !  
 Man is sin, and flesh is grass.

I thought my mistress' hairs were gold.  
And in their locks my heart I fold :  
Her amber tresses were the sight  
That wrappèd me in vain delight :  
Her ivory front, her pretty chin,  
Were stakes\* that drew me on to sin :  
Her starry looks, her crystal eyes,  
Brighter than the sun's arise :  
Sparkling pleasing flames of fire,  
Yoked my thoughts and my desire,  
That I 'gan cry ere I blin,†  
Oh, her eyes are paths to sin !  
Her face was fair, her breath was sweet,  
All her looks for love was meet :  
But love is folly, this I know,  
And beauty fadeth like to snow.  
Oh, why should man delight in pride,  
Whose blossom like a dew doth glide ;  
When these supposes touch'd my thought,  
That world was vain and beauty nought,  
I 'gan sigh and say alas !  
Man is sin, and flesh is grass.

(*Ibid.*, pp. 122, 123.)



\* *snares.*

† usually explained — *cease* : but qu. = 'grow blind.' — G.

## PASTORAL.

*The Description of the Shepherd and his Wife.*

It was near a thicky shade  
That broad leaves of beech had made ;  
Joining all their tops so nigh  
That scarce Phœbus in could pry,  
To see if lovers in the thick\*  
Could dally with a wanton trick.  
Where sate the swain and his wife  
Sporting in that pleasing life  
That Corydon commendeth so,  
All other lives to over-go.  
He and she did sit and keep  
Flocks of kids and folds of sheep :  
He upon his pipe did play,  
She tun'd voice unto his lay.  
And for you might her huswife know  
Voice did sing and fingers few ;  
He was young, his coat was green,  
With welts† of white, seam'd between,  
Turn'd over with a flap  
That breast and bosom in did wrap ;  
Skirts side and pleated‡ free,  
Seemly hanging to his knee.

\* thicket.      † fringes.      ‡ plaited.

A whittle\* with a silver chape ;†  
Cloak was russet, and the cape  
Served for a bonnet oft  
To shroud him from the wet aloft.  
A leather scrip of colour red,  
With a button on the head ;  
A bottle full of country whig‡  
By the shepherd's side did lig :§  
And in a little bush hard by  
There the shepherd's dog did lie ;  
Who while his master 'gan to sleep  
Well could watch both kids and sheep.  
The shepherd was a frolic swain,  
For though his 'parell was but plain,  
Yet doone|| the Authors soothly say  
His colour was both fresh and gay ;  
And in their writes¶ plain discus  
Fairer was not Tityrus,  
Nor Menalcas, whom they call  
The alderleefest\*\* swain of all :  
'Seeming†† him was his wife,  
Both in line†† and in life ;  
Fair she was as fair might be,  
Like the roses on the tree ;

\* clasp-knife.      † clasp.      ‡ whey.

§ lie.      || do.

¶ writings, as, 'thick' for 'thicket' above.

—G.

\*\* dearest of all.    †† be-seeming.    ‡‡ lineage.

Buxom, blithe, and young, I ween ;  
Beauteous, like a Summer's queen :  
For her cheeks were ruddy hued  
As if lilies were imbruued  
With drops of blood, to make the white  
Please the eye with more delight ;  
Love did lie within her eyes  
In ambush for some wanton prize :  
A leefer\* lass than this had been,  
Corydon had never seen ;  
Nor was Phillis that fair May  
Half so gaudy or so gay :†  
She wore a chaplet on her head ;  
Her caffock was of scarlet red,  
Long and large, as straight as bent ;‡  
Her middle was both small and gent.§  
If country loves such sweet desires gain,  
What lady would not love a shepherd  
swain ?

(‘Mourning Garment’ [1590], ix.,  
pp. 141-144.)



\* dearer.

† grass.

‡ joyful, bright.

§ genteel.

*PASTORAL.**The Shepbera's Ode.*

Walking in a valley green  
Spied I Flora, Summer queen :  
Where she, heaping all her graces,  
Niggard seem'd in other places :  
Spring it was, and here did spring  
All that Nature forth can bring ;  
Groves of pleasant trees there grow,  
Which fruit and shadow could bestow ;  
Thick-leaved boughs small birds cover  
Till sweet notes themselves discover ;  
Tunes for number seem'd confounded  
Whilst their mixture's music sounded :  
Greeing well, yet not agreed  
That one the other should exceed.  
A sweet stream here silent glides  
Whose clear water no fish hides ;  
Slow it runs, which well bewray'd  
The pleasant shore the current stay'd :  
In this stream a rock was planted  
Where nor art nor nature wanted :  
Each thing so did other grace  
As all places may give place ;  
Only this the place of pleasure  
Where is heaped Nature's treasure.

Here mine eyes with wonder staid,  
Eyes amaz'd and mind afraid :  
Ravisht with what was beheld,  
From departing were withheld.  
Musing then with sound advice  
On this earthly paradise ;  
Sitting by the river side  
Lovely Phillis was descried :  
Gold her hair, bright her eyne  
Like to Phœbus in his shine ;  
White her brow, her face was fair,  
Amber-breath perfum'd the air ;  
Rose and lily both did seek  
To shew their glory on her cheek.  
Love did nestle in her looks,  
Baiting there his sharpest hooks :  
Such a Phillis ne'er was seen  
More beautiful than Love's queen.  
Doubt it was whose greater grace,  
Phillis' beauty, or the place.  
Her coat was of scarlet red,  
All in pleats\* a mantle spread :  
Fring'd with gold ; a wreath of boughs  
To check the sun from her brows.  
In her hand a shepherd's hook,  
In her face Diana's look :  
Her sheep graz'd on the plains  
She had stolen from the swains :

\* *plaits.*

Under a cool silent shade,  
By the streams she garlands made.  
Thus fate Phillis all alone :  
Missed she was by Corydon,  
Chiefest swain, of all the rest  
Lovely Phillis likt him best.  
His face was like Phœbus' love,  
His neck white as Venus' dove ;  
A ruddy cheek fill'd with smiles,  
Such Love hath when he beguiles :  
His locks brown, his eyes were gray,  
Like Titan in a Summer day.  
A russet jacket, sleeves red ;  
A blue bonnet on his head ;  
A cloak of gray fenc'd the rain ;  
Thus 'tyred was this lovely swain.  
A shepherd's hook her dog tied,  
Bag and bottle by his side :  
Such was Paris, shepherds say,  
When with Cœnone he did play.  
From his flock stray'd Corydon,  
Spying Phillis all alone :  
By the stream he Phillis spied,  
Braver than was Flora's pride :  
Down the valley 'gan he track,  
Stole behind his true love's back :  
The sun shone and shadow made ;  
Phillis rose and was afraid.  
When she saw her lover there,

Smile she did, and left her fear :  
 Cupid that disdain doth loath  
 With desire strake them both.  
 The swain did woo, she was nice,  
 Following fashion nay'd\* him twice :  
 Much ado he kis'd her then ;  
 Maidens blush when they kis's men :  
 So did Phillis at that stowre.†  
 Her face was like the rose flower.  
 Laft they 'greed, for Love would so,  
 Faith and troth they would no mo.  
 For shepherds ever held it sin  
 To false the love they livèd in.  
 The swain gave a girdle red,  
 She set garlands on his head.  
 Gifts were given, they kis again,  
 Both did smile, for both were fain.‡  
 Thus was love 'mongst shepherds fold  
 When fancy knew not what was gold :  
 They woo'd and vow'd and that they  
     keep,  
 And go contented to their sheep.  
 ('Ciceronis Amor' [1589], vii., pp.  
     180-184.)



\* denied.      † contention.      ‡ fond.

**PHILLIS AND CORIDON.**

*A Pastoral.*

Phillis kept sheep along the Western  
plains,

And Coridon did feed his flocks hard  
by;

This shepherd was the flower of all the  
swains

That traced the downs of fruitful  
Theffaly;

And Phillis, that did far her flocks sur-  
pass

In silver hue, was thought a bonny lass.

A bonny lass, quaint in her country 'tire,  
Was lovely Phillis,—Coridon more so;

Her locks, her looks, did set the swain  
on fire;

He left his lambs, and he began to  
woo;

He looked, he sighed, he courted with  
a kifs;

No better could the silly swad\* than this.

He little knew to paint a tale of love;  
Shepherds can fancy, but they cannot  
say;

\* *swain, clown.*

Phillis 'gan smile, and wily thought to  
prove  
What uncouth\* grief poor Coridon  
did pay ;  
She asked him how his flocks or he did  
fare ?  
Yet penfive thus his sighs did tell his  
care.

The shepherd blushed when Phillis  
questioned so,  
And swore by Pan it was not for his  
flocks ;  
'Tis love, fair Phillis, breedeth all this  
woe,  
My thoughts are trapt within thy  
lovely locks ;  
Thine eye hath pierced, thy face hath  
set on fire ;  
Fair Phillis kindleth Coridon's desire.'

'Can shepherds love ?' said Phillis to  
the swain :  
'Such saints as Phillis,' Coridon re-  
plied :  
'Men when they lust can many fancies  
feign,'  
Said Phillis. This not Coridon de-  
nied,

\* *clownish, awkward.*

That lust had lies ; ' But love,' quoth  
he, ' says truth :  
Thy shepherd loves, then, Phillis, what  
ensu'th ?'

Phillis was won : she blushed and hung  
the head ;

The swain stept to and cheered her  
with a kisf :

With faith, with troth, they struck the  
matter dead ;

So us'd they when men thought not  
amiss :

This love begun and ended both in one ;  
Phillis was loved, and she liked Coridon.  
(' Perimedes ' [1588], vii., pp. 91, 92.)



### *PASTORAL.*

#### *The Shepherd's Wife's Song.*

Ah, what is love ? It is a pretty thing,  
As sweet unto a shepherd as a king,  
And sweeter too ;

For kings have cares that wait upon a  
crown,

And cares can make the sweetest love to  
frown :

Ah then, ah then,

If country loves such sweet desires do  
gain,  
What lady would not love a shepherd  
swain ?

His flocks are folded, he comes home at  
night,  
As merry as a king in his delight,  
And merrier too ;  
For kings bethink them what the State  
require,  
Where shepherds careless carol by the  
fire :

Ah then, ah then,  
If country loves such sweet desires do  
gain,  
What lady would not love a shepherd  
swain ?

He kisseth first, then sits as blithe to  
eat  
His cream and curds as doth the king  
his meat,  
And blither too ;  
For kings have often fears when they  
do sup,  
Where shepherds dread no poison in  
their cup :  
Ah then, ah then,

If country loves such sweet desires do  
gain,  
What lady would not love a shepherd  
swain ?

To bed he goes, as wanton then, I  
ween,  
As is a king in dalliance with a queen,  
More wanton too ;  
For kings have many griefs affects\* to  
move,  
Where shepherds have no greater grief  
than love :

Ah then, ah then,  
If country loves such sweet desires do  
gain,  
What lady would not love a shepherd  
swain ?

Upon his couch of straw he sleeps as  
sound  
As doth the king upon his bed of down,  
More sounder too ;  
For cares cause kings full oft their sleep  
to spill,†  
Where weary shepherds lie and snort  
their fill :

Ah then, ah then,

\* affection.      † spoil.

If country loves such sweet desires do  
gain,  
What lady would not love a shepherd  
swain ?

Thus with his wife he spends the year,  
as blithe  
As doth the king at every tide or fithe,\*  
And blither too ;

For kings have wars and broils to take  
in hand,  
Where shepherds laugh and love upon  
the land :

Ah then, ah then,  
If country loves such sweet desires do  
gain,  
What lady would not love a shepherd  
swain ?



\* Query 'tide' = Christmas-tide? ; 'sithe' not simply 'time,' but = scythe = Harvest?—G.

*PASTORAL.**Radagon in Dianem.*

It was a valley gaudy-green,  
Where Dian at the fount was seen ;

Green it was,  
And did 'passe

All other of Diana's bowers  
In the pride of Flora's flowers.

A fount it was that no sun fees,  
Circled in with cypress-trees,

Set so nigh  
As Phœbus' eye

Could not do the virgins scathe,  
To see them naked when they bathe.

She sat there all in white,—  
Colour fitting her delight :

Virgins so  
Ought to go,

For white in armory is placed  
To be the colour that is chaste.

Her taff'ta caffock you might see  
Tucked up above her knee ;

Which did show  
There below

Legs as white as whales-bone ;  
So white and chaste were never none.

Hard by her, upon the ground,  
Sat her virgins in a round,  
    Bathing their  
    Golden hair,  
And singing all in notes high,  
‘ Fie on Venus’ flattering eye !’

‘ Fie on love ! It is a toy ;  
Cupid wileſ and a boy ;  
    All his fires,  
    And desires,  
Are plagues that God fent down from  
    high,  
To pester men with misery.

As thus the virgins did disdain  
Lovers’ joy and lovers’ pain,  
    Cupid nigh  
    Did espy,  
Grieving at Diana’s song ;  
Slyly stole these maids among.

His bow of steel, darts of fire,  
He shot amongst them sweet desire ;  
    Which straight flies  
    In their eyes,  
And at the entrance made them start,  
For it ran from eye to heart.

Calisto straight supposed Jove  
Was fair and frolic for to love ;  
Dian she  
'Scaped not free ;  
For well I wot, hereupon  
She loved the swain Endymion.

Clytie Phœbus, and Chloris' eye  
Thought none so fair as Mercury :  
Venus thus  
Did discuss,  
By her son in darts of fire,  
None so chaste to check desire.

Dian rose with all her maids,  
Blushing thus at love's braids :\*

With sighs, all  
Show their thrall ;  
And flinging hence pronounce this saw,  
'What so strong as love's sweet law ?'  
(‘Francisco's Fortunes, or Second Part  
of Never too Late’ [1590], viii.,  
pp. 212-214.)

\* Dyce annotates ‘i.e., perhaps crafts, de-  
ceits (*vide* Steeven's note on “Since French-  
men are so braid,” Shakespeare's “All's Well  
that Ends Well,” Act IV., Sc. ii.).’ But surely  
the word is simply ‘braids=upbraids or up-  
braidings, as ‘pass for surpass, ‘gan for began,  
etc., etc.—G.

## PASTORAL.

*Philomela's Ode that she sung in her Arbour.*

Sitting by a river's side,  
Where a silent stream did glide,  
Muse I did of many things  
That the mind in quiet brings.  
I 'gan think how some men deem  
Gold their god ; and some esteem  
Honour is the chief content  
That to man in life is lent ;  
And some others do contend  
Quiet none like to a friend ;  
Others hold, there is no wealth  
Compared to a perfect health ;  
Some man's mind in quiet stands  
When he is lord of many lands :  
But I did sigh, and said all this  
Was but a shade of perfect bliss ;  
And in my thoughts I did approve  
Naught so sweet as is true love.  
Love 'twixt lovers, passeth these,  
When mouth kissteth and heart 'grees ;  
With folded arms and lips meeting,  
Each soul another sweetly greeting :  
For by the breath the soul fleeteth,  
And soul with soul in kissing meeteth !

If love be so sweet a thing  
That such happy bliss doth bring,  
Happy is love's sugared thrall ;  
But unhappy maidens all,  
Who esteem your virgin blisses  
Sweeter than a wife's sweet kisses.  
No such quiet to the mind  
As true love with kisses kind :  
But if a kiss prove unchaste  
Then is true love quite disgraced.

Though love be sweet, learn this  
of me,

No love sweet but honesty.

(‘Philomela, the Lady Fitzwalter’s Nightingale’ [1592], xi., pp. 123, 124.)



### *PASTORAL.*

#### *Philomela’s Second Ode.*

It was frosty winter-season,  
And fair Flora’s wealth was geason.\*  
Meads that erft with green were spread,  
With choice flowers diap’red,

\* My friend Mr. A. H. Bullen (‘Lyrics from Elizabethan Romances’) annotates = rare, uncommon. Such is a meaning of the word, but not the meaning here. It is = parched, dried up—as a well is said to be geasoned when it is dry.—G.

Had tawny veils ; cold had scanted  
What the Spring and Nature planted.  
Leafless boughs there might you see,  
All except fair Daphne's tree :  
On their twigs no birds perched ;  
Warmer coverts now they searched ;  
And by Nature's secret reason  
Framed their voices to the season,  
With their feeble tunes bewraying  
How they grieved the Spring's decaying.  
Frosty Winter thus had gloomed  
Each fair thing that Summer bloomed ;  
Fields were bare, and trees unclad,  
Flowers withered, birds were sad ;  
When I saw a shepherd fold  
Sheep in cote, to shun the cold ;  
Himself sitting on the grass  
That with the frost withered was,  
Sighing deeply, thus 'gan say ;  
'Love is folly when astray :  
Like to love no passion such,  
For 'tis madness, if too much ;  
If too little, then despair ;  
If too high, he beats the air  
With bootless cries ; if too low,  
An eagle matcheth with a crow :  
Thence grow jars. Thus I find,  
Love is folly, if unkind ;  
Yet do men most desire

To be heated with this fire,  
Whose flame is so pleasing hot  
That they burn, yet feel it not.  
Yet hath love another kind,  
Worse than these unto the mind ;  
That is, when a wanton eye  
Leads desire clean awry,  
And with the bee doth rejoice  
Every minute to change choice ;  
Counting he were then in bliss  
If that each fair face were his.  
Highly thus is love disgrac'd  
When the lover is unchaste,  
And would taste of fruit forbidden,  
'Cause the 'scape is easily hidden.  
Though such love be sweet in brewing,  
Bitter is the end ensuing ;  
For the honour of love he shameth,  
And himself with lust defameth ;  
For a minute's pleasure-gaining,  
Fame and honour ever staining.  
Gazing thus so far awry,  
Last the chip falls in his eye ;  
Then it burns that erst but heat him ;  
And his own rod 'gins to beat him ;  
His choicest sweets turn to gall ;  
He finds lust is sin's thrall ;  
That wanton women in their eyes  
Men's deceivings do comprise ;

That homage done to fair faces  
 Doth dishonour other graces.  
 If lawless love be such a sin,  
 Cursed is he that lives therein ;  
 For the gain of Venus' game  
 Is the downfall unto shame.'

Here he pausèd, and did stay,  
 Sighed, and rose, and went away.

(*'Philomela,' xi., pp. 133-135.*)



#### *ISABELL'S ODE.\**

Sitting by a river side,  
 Where a silent stream did glide,  
 Bank'd about with choice flowers,  
 Such as spring from April showers,  
 When fair Iris smiling shews  
 All her riches in her dews :  
 Thick-leaved trees so were planted  
 As nor Art nor Nature wanted :

\* It will be observed that *Philomela's Ode*, that precedes this, opens with the same couplet. Even my friend Mr. A. H. Bullen seems to have overlooked this Ode because of this, and so omitted it in his selections, etc. (*'Lyrics from Elizabethan Romances'*), but even he shows by his actual selections perfunctory acquaintance with Greene and others.

—G.

Bord'ring all the brook with shade  
As if Venus there had made  
By Flora's wile a curious bower  
To dally with her paramour.

At this current as I gaz'd,  
Eyes entrapp'd, mind amaz'd ;  
I might see in my ken  
Such a flame as fireth men :  
Such a fire as doth fry  
With one blaze both heart and eye :  
Such a heat as doth prove  
No heat like to heat of love.  
Bright she was, for 'twas a she  
That traced her steps towards me ;  
On her head she wore a bay,  
To fence Phœbus' light away :  
In her face one might descry  
The curious beauty of the sky ;  
Her eyes carried darts of fire,  
Feather'd all with swift desire ;  
Yet forth these fiery darts did pass  
Pearled tears as bright as glafs ;  
That wonder 'twas in her eyne  
Fire and water should combine :  
If th' old saw did not borrow  
Fire is love and water sorrow.  
Down she sate, pale and sad,  
No mirth in her looks she had :  
Face and eyes showed distress,

Inward sighs discours'd no less :  
Head on hand might I see,  
Elbow lean'd on her knee ;  
Last she breathed out this saw,  
' Oh, that love hath no law !'  
Love enforceth with constraint,  
Love delighteth in complaint ;  
Who so loves hates his life,  
For love's peace is mind's strife ;  
Love doth feed on beauty's fare,  
Every dish sauc'd with care :  
Chiefly women, reason why,  
Love is hatch'd in their eye ;  
Thence it steppeth to the heart,  
There it poisoneth every part :  
Mind and heart, eye and thought,  
Till sweet love their woes hath wrought :  
Then repentant they 'gan cry,  
' Oh, my heart that trow'd\* mine eye !'  
Thus she said, and then she rose,  
Face and mind both full of woes ;  
Flinging thence, with this saw,  
Fie on love that hath no law.  
(' Never too Late,' viii., pp. 50-52.)



\* trusted, held for true.

*PASTORAL.**Francesco's Ode.*

When I look about the place  
Where sorrow nurseth up disgrace ;  
Wrapt within a fold of cares,  
Whose distress no heart spares :  
Eyes might look, but see no light,  
Heart might think but on despite :  
Sun did shine, but not on me,  
Sorrow said it may not be,  
That heart or eye should once possess  
Any salve to cure distress :  
For men in prison must suppose  
Their couches are the beds of woes.  
Seeing this I sighèd then,  
Fortune thus should punish men.  
But when I call'd to mind her face  
For whose love I brook this place ;  
Starry eyes, whereat my sight  
Did eclipse with much delight ;  
Eyes that lighten and do shine,  
Beams of love that are divine ;  
Lily cheeks whereon beside  
Buds of roses shew their pride ;  
Cherry lips, which did speak  
Words that made all hearts to break :  
Words most sweet, for breath was sweet ;

Such perfume for love is meet.  
 Precious words, as hard to tell  
 Which more pleased, wit or smell :  
 When I saw my greatest pains  
 Grow for her that beauty stains ;  
 Fortune thus I did reprove.—  
 Nothing grievefull grows from Love.  
 (*Ibid.*, pp. 62-63.)

*PASTORAL.**Doron's Fig.*

Through the shrubs as I 'gan crack  
 For my lamb's little ones,  
 'Mongst many pretty ones,  
 Nymphs I mean, whose hair was black  
 As the crow :  
 Like the snow  
 Her face and brows shin'd, I ween ;  
 I saw a little one,  
 A bonny pretty one,  
 As bright, buxom, and as sheen  
 As was she  
 On her knee,

That lull'd the god, whose arrows warms:  
Such merry little ones,  
Such fair-fac'd pretty ones,  
As dally in Love's chiehest harms ;  
Such was mine ;  
Whose gray eyne  
Made me love. I 'gan to woo  
This sweet little one,  
This bonny pretty one ;  
I woo'd hard a day or two ;  
Till she bad,  
Be not sad ;  
Woo no more, I am thine own,  
Thy dearest little one,  
Thy truest pretty one ;  
Thus was faith and firm love shown,  
As behoves  
Shepherds' loves.  
(‘ Menaphon ’ [1589], vi., pp. 69, 70.)

***PERSEVERANCE WINS.***

I now, quoth she, both see and try  
by experience, that there is no fish so  
fickle but will come to the bait ; no  
doe so wild but will stand at the gaze\* ;

\* *staring.*

no hawk so haggard\* but will stoop to the lure ; no nieſſet so ramage† but will be reclaimed to the lunes ; no fruit so fine but the caterpillar will consume it ; no adamant§ so hard but will yield to the file ; . . . no maid so free but love will bring her to bondage and thraldom. ('Card of Fancy' [1587], iv., p. 120.) [On the word 'lunes' the Shakespeare student will do well to consult a full note in Works, vol. ii., pp. 330-333, and Glossarial Index (in vol. xv.)—one of multiplied instances of Greene's words and phrasing shedding light on obscurities and cruxes of Shakespeare.—G.]



### *WORD-PORTRAITS.*

#### *Ovid.*

Quaint was Ovid in his rhyme,  
Chiefest poet of his time :  
What he could in words rehearse  
Ended in a pleasing verse :

\* untrained.  
† wild.

‡ hawk.  
§ diamond.

Apollo with his aye-green bays  
Crown'd his head to show his praise ;  
And all the Muses did agree  
He should be theirs, and none but he.

This Poet chanted all of Love,  
Of Cupid's wings and Venus' dove ;  
Of fair Corinna and her hue,  
Of white and red and veins blue.  
How they lov'd and how they 'greed,  
And how in fancy they did speed.

His Elegies were wanton all,  
Telling of Love's pleasing thrall,  
And 'cause he would the Poet seem,  
That best of Venus' laws could deem,  
Strange precepts he did impart,  
And writ three books of Love's art ;  
There he taught how to woo,  
What in love men should do ;  
How they might soonest win  
Honest women unto sin :  
Thus to tellen all the truth  
He infected Rome's youth,  
And with his books and verses brought  
That men in Rome nought else sought  
But how to 'tangle maid or wife,  
With honour's breach through wanton  
life ;  
The foolish sort did for his skill  
Praise the deepnes of his quill,

And like to him said there was none  
Since died old Anacreon.  
But Rome's Augustus, world's wonder,  
Brook'd not of this foolish blunder ;  
Nor lik'd he of this wanton verse  
That Love's laws did rehearse ;  
For well he saw and did espy  
Youth was sore impair'd thereby ;  
And by experience he finds  
Wanton books infect the minds ;  
Which made him straight for reward,  
Though the censure\* seem'd hard  
To banish Ovid quite from Rome,  
This was great Augustus' doom ;  
For (quoth he) Poets' quills  
Ought not for to teach men ills ;  
For learning is a thing of praise,  
To show precepts to make men wise ;  
And near the Muses' sacred places  
Dwells the virtuous-minded graces.  
'Tis shame and sin, then, for good wits  
To show their skill in wanton fits.  
This Augustus did reply.  
And as he said, so think I.  
(‘Greene's Vision’ [1592], xii., pp.  
199-201.)



\* *judgment.*

*The Description of Sir Geoffrey Chaucer.*

His stature was not very tall ;  
Lean he was ; his legs were small,  
Hosed within a stock of red ;  
A button'd bonnet on his head,  
From under which did hang, I ween,  
Silver hairs both bright and sheen ;  
His beard was white, trimmèd round,  
His countenance blithe and merry  
found :

A sleeveless jacket large and wide,  
With many plaits and skirts' fide,  
Of water chamlet\* did he wear  
A whittell† by his belt he bear.  
His shoes were corned,‡ broad before ;  
His inkhorn at his fide he wore ;  
And in his hand he bore a book ;  
Thus did this ancient poet look.

(*Ibid.*, pp. 209-210.)



\* camel's hair cloth, rain-proof.—G.

† clasp-knife.

‡ projecting=cornered.

*John Gower.*

Large he was, his height was long ;  
Broad of breast, his limbs were strong ;  
But colour pale, and wan his look,—  
Such have they that plyen their book :  
His head was gray and quaintly shorn ;  
Neatly was his beard worn ;  
His visage grave, stern and grim,—  
Cato was most like to him.  
His bonnet was a hat of blue,  
His sleeves straight, of that same hue ;  
A surcoat\* of a tawny dye,  
Hung in plaits over his thigh ;  
A breech close unto his dock,  
Handsom'd with a long stock ;  
Pricked before were his shoon,  
He wore such as others doon :  
A bag of red by his side,  
And by that his napkin tied :  
Thus John Gower did appear,  
Quaint attirèd, as you hear.

(*Ibid.*, p. 210.)



\* *outer garment.*

*Solomon.*

His stature tall, large, and high,  
Limb'd and featur'd beauteously ;  
Chest was broad, arms were strong,  
Locks of amber passing long,  
That hung and wav'd upon his neck,  
Heaven's beauty might they check.  
Visage fair and full of grace,  
Mild and stern, for in one place  
Sate Mercy meekly in his eye,  
And justice in his looks hard bye :  
His robes of biss\* were crimson hue,  
Bordered round with twines of blue :  
In Tyre no richer silk fold,  
Over-braided all with gold ;  
Costly set with precious stome,  
Such before I ne'er saw none :  
A massy crown upon his head,  
Chequer'd through with rubies red ;  
Orient pearl and bright topace†  
Did burnish out each valiant place :  
Thus this Prince that seem'd sage  
Did go in royal equipage.

(*Ibid.*, p. 275.)



\* *fine silk.*

† *topaz.*

## POTATOES.

[Licentiousness works wastefully] . . . the apothecaries would have surphaling water and potato roots lie dead on their hands. ('Disputation between a Hee and Shee Conny-Catcher [1592], x., 234.) [Surphaling, *i.e.*, a cosmetic wash. It is odd to find potatoes in apothecaries' shops. They were then held to be provocatives. They had not long been introduced into England.—G.]



## TIME.

In time we see the silver drops  
 The craggy stones make soft ;  
 The slowest snail in time we see  
 Doth creep and climb aloft.

With feeble puffs the tallest pine  
 In tract of time doth fall ;  
 The hardest heart in time doth yield  
 To Venus' lurening call.

Where chilling frost alate did nip  
 There flasheth now a fire ;  
 Where deep disdain bred noisome hate,  
 There kindleth now desire.

Time causeth hope to have his hap :  
What care in time not eased ?  
In time I loathed that now I love ;  
In both content and pleased.  
(‘Arbafto’ [1584], iii., p. 248.)



### *THE TONGUE.*

It seemeth (saith Bias) that Nature by fortifying the tongue would teach how precious and necessary a virtue silence is ; for she hath placed before it the bulwark of the teeth, that if it will not obey reason, which being within ought to serve instead of a bridle to stay it from preventing the thoughts, we might restrain and chastise such impudent babbling by biting. And, therefore, saith he, we have two eyes and two ears, that thereby we may learn to hear and see much more than is spoken.

(‘Penelope’s Web,’ v., p. 221.)



## Invective on Contemporaries.

I am not ignorant how eloquent our gowned age is grown of late ; so that every mechanical mate abhors the English he was born to, and plucks with a solemn periphrasis his *ut vales* from the inkhorn ; which I impute not so much to the perfection of arts as to the servile imitation of vainglorious tragedians, who contend not so seriously to excel in action as to embowel the clouds in a speech of comparison ; thinking themselves more than initiated in poets' immortality if they but once get Boreas by the beard and the heavenly Bull by the dew-lap. But herein I cannot so fully bequeath them to folly as their idiot art-masters, that intrude themselves to our ears as the alchymists of eloquence : who (mounted on the stage of arrogance) think to outbrave better pens with the swelling bombast of a bragging blank verse. Indeed, it may be the ingrafted overflow of some kil-cow\* conceit, that overcloyeth their imagination with a more than drunken resolution, being not extemporal in the

\* = a butcher--query a disguised gird at Shakespeare the wool-stapler's son ?—G.

invention of any other means to vent their manhood, commits the digestion of their choleric encumbrances to the spacious volubility of a drumming de-casillabon. 'Mongst this kind of men that repose eternity in the mouth of a player, I can but engross some deep-read grammarians, who having no more learning in their skull than will serve to take up a commodity, nor art in their brain, than was nourished in a serving-man's idleness, will take upon them to be the ironical censors of all, when God and Poetry doth know, they are the simplest of all. To leave these to the mercy of their mother-tongue, that feed on nought but the crumbs that fall from the translator's trencher, I come (sweet friend) to thy Arcadian 'Menaphon.' . . . (Nashe's Epistle to the Gentlemen Students of both Universities . . . prefixed to 'Menaphon' [1589], vi., pp. 9, 10.) [This is given to show Nashe's fellow-feeling with Greene.—G.]



*TRAVELS.*

In my opinion the fitteſt kind of life for a young gentleman to take (who as yet hath not subdued the youthful conceits of fancy nor made a conqueſt of his will by wit) is to ſpend his time in travel; wherein he ſhall find both pleaſure and profit: yea, and buy that by expeſience which otherwife with all the treaſure in the world he cannot purcaſe. For what changeth vanity to virtue, staylesſ wit to stayed wiſdom, fond fantasies to firm affections, but travel? What repreſſeth the rage of youth and redreſſeth the wileſſ fury of wanton years, but travel? What turneth a ſecure life to a careful living? What maketh the foolish wife? yea, what increaſeth wit and augmenteth ſkill, but travel? in ſo much that the fame Ulyſſes won was not by the ten years he lay at Troy, but by the time he ſpent in travel.  
(‘Card of Fancy’ [1587], iv., p. 19.)



**USURY.**

*Enter the Usurer solus with a halter in one hand, a dagger in the other.*

Groaning in conscience, burdened with my crimes,  
The hell of sorrow haunts me up and down ;  
Tread where I list, methinks the bleeding ghosts  
Of those whom my corruption brought to nought,  
Do serve for stumbling-blocks before my steps ;  
The fatherless and widow wronged by me,  
The poor oppressed by my usury ;  
Methinks I see their hands rear'd up to heaven,  
To cry for vengeance of my covetousness.  
Whereso I walk, all sigh and shun my way ;  
Thus I am made a monster of the world ;  
Hell gapes for me, heaven will not hold my soul.  
You mountains, shroud me from the God of truth ;  
Methinks I see Him fit to judge the earth ;

See how He blots me out of the book of life :  
 Oh burden more than *Ætna*, that I bear.  
 Cover me, hills, and shroud me from the Lord ;  
 Swallow me, Lycus, shield me from the Lord.  
 In life no peace ; each murmuring that I hear  
 Methinks the sentence of damnation sounds,  
 'Die, reprobate, and hie thee hence to hell.'  
 ('A Looking-glass for London and England' [1594], xiv., pp. 97, 98.)



#### *VENGEANCE IMPLORÉD.*

*Prince Aga, his eyes put out and bands cut off by Acomat.*

... Oh Thou supreme Architect of all,  
 First Mover of those tenfold crystal orbs,  
 Where all those moving and unmoving eyes

Behold Thy goodness everlastinglly ;  
See, unto Thee I lift these bloody arms :  
For hands I have not for to lift to Thee ;  
And in Thy justice dart thy smould'ring  
flame

Upon the head of cursed Acomat.  
Oh cruel heavens and injurious fates !  
Even the last refuge of a wretched man  
Is took from me ; for how can Aga  
weep ?

Or run a brinish shower of pearly tears,  
Wanting the watery cisterns of his eyes ?

Come, lead me back again to Bajazet,  
The wofullest and saddest ambassador  
That ever was despatched to any king.

(‘Selimus,’ xiv., p. 247.)



### *VENUS AND ADONIS.*

In Cyprus sat fair Venus by a fount,  
Wanton Adonis toying on her knee ;  
She kissed the wag, her darling of  
account ;  
The boy 'gan blush ; which when his  
lover see,

She smiled, and told him love might  
challenge debt,  
And he was young, and might be wanton  
yet.

The boy waxed bold, fired by fond desire,  
That woo he could and court her  
with conceit :

Reason spied this, and sought to quench  
the fire

With cold disdain ; but wily Adon  
straight

Cheered up the flame, and said : ' Good  
sir, what let ?'

I am but young, and may be wanton  
yet.'

Reason replied, that beauty was a bane  
To such as feed their fancy with fond  
love ;

That when sweet youth with lust is  
overtaken,

It rues in age ; this could not Adon  
move,

For Venus taught him still this rest to  
set,†

That he was young, and might be  
wanton yet.

\* *hindrance.*

† a term used in the game of *primero*.—G.

Where Venus strikes with beauty to the quick,

It little 'vails sage Reason to reply ;  
Few are the cures for such as are love-fick,

But love : then, though I wanton it awry,  
And play the wag, from Adon this I get,—

I am but young, and may be wanton yet.  
(‘Perimedes the Blacksmith’ [1588],  
vii., pp. 88, 89.)



### *ADONIS REPROVED.*

The siren Venus nouriced\* in her lap,  
Fair Adon, swearing whiles he was a youth

He might be wanton ; note his after-hap,

The guerdon that such lawless lust ensu’th ;

So long he followed flattering Venus’ lore,

Till, silly lad, he perished by a boar.†

\* *nursed.*

† the classical myth.—G.

Mars in his youth did court this lusty dame;

He won her love; what might his fancy let?\*

He was but young: at last unto his shame

Vulcan entrapped them flyly in a net;  
And called the gods to witness as a truth  
A lecher's fault was not excused by youth.

If crooked age accounteth youth his Spring,

The Spring, the fairest season of the year;

Enriched with flowers, and sweets, and many a thing

That fair and gorgeous to the eyes appear;

It fits that youth, the Spring of man, should be

'Riched with such flowers as virtue yieldeth thee.

(*Ibid.*, vii., pp. 89, 90.)



\* hinder.

*VENUS VICTRIX.*

Mars in a fury 'gainst Love's brightest  
Queen,  
Put on his helm, and took to him his  
lance ;  
On Erycinus Mount\* was Mavors seen,  
And there his ensigns did the god  
advance ;  
And by heaven's greatest gates he stoutly  
sware,  
Venus should die, for she had wronged  
him fore.

Cupid heard this, and he began to cry,  
And wished his mother's absence for  
awhile :  
' Peace, fool,' quoth Venus ; ' Is it I  
must die ?  
Must it be, Mars ?' With that she  
coined a smile ;  
She trimmed her tresses, and did curl  
her hair,  
And made her face with beauty passing  
fair.

\* The mountain from which Venus received the name of Erycina was Eryx. But Greene and his contemporaries spelled Erycinus.—G.

A fan of silver feathers in her hand,  
And in a coach of ebony she went :  
She passed the place where furious Mars  
did stand,  
And out her looks a lovely smile she  
sent ;  
Then from her brows leaped out so  
sharp a frown,  
That Mars for fear threw all his armour  
down.

He vowed repentance for his rash mis-  
deed,  
Blaming his choler that had caused  
his woe :  
Venus grew gracious, and with him  
agreed,  
But charged him not to threaten  
beauty so ;  
For women's looks are such enchanting  
charms  
As can subdue the greatest god in  
arms.  
(‘Ciceronis Amor’ [1589], vii., pp.  
133, 134.)



*WOMAN.*

Discourteous women, Nature's fairest ill,  
The woe of man, that first created curse,  
Base female sex, sprung from black Ates'  
loins,  
Proud and disdainful, cruel and unjust ;  
Whose words are shaded with enchant-  
ing wiles  
Worse than Medusa, mateth\* all our  
minds :  
And in their heart fits shamelesstreachery,  
Turning a truthless, vile circumference.  
O, could my fury paint their furies  
forth !  
For hell's no hell, comparèd to their  
hearts ;  
Too simple devils to conceal their arts ;  
Born to be plagues unto the thoughts  
of men ;  
Brought for eternal pestilence to the  
world.  
(‘Orlando Furioso,’ xiii., pp. 149, 150.)



\* confounds.

*Woman—compared to a Rose.*

Marry, . . . I can aptly compare a woman to a Rose: for as we cannot enjoy the fragrant smell of the one without sharp prickles, so we cannot possess the virtues of the other without shrewish conditions; and yet neither the one nor the other can well be forborne, for they are necessary evils. ('Morando' [1587], iii., p. 101.)

*Comparisons Descriptive of a Fair Woman  
(Sephestia).*

All this while Menaphon sat amongst the shrubs, fixing his eyes on the glorious object of her face: he noted her tresses, which he compared to the coloured hyacinth of Arcadia; her brows to the mountain snows that lie on the hills; her eyes to the gray glister of Titan's gorgeous mantle; her alabaster neck to the whiteness of his flocks; her teeth to pearl; her face to borders of lilies interseamed with roses: to be brief, our

shepherd Menaphon, that heretofore was an atheist to love, and as the Theffalian of Bacchus, so he, a contemner of Venus, was now by the wily shaft of Cupid so entangled in the perfection and beauteous excellence of Sephestia, as now he swore no benign planet but Venus, no god but Cupid, nor exquisite deity but Love. ('Menaphon' [1589], vi., p. 49.)

*An only Daughter.*

One only daughter of such excellent exquisite perfection as Nature in her seemed to wonder at her own works. Her hair was like the shine of Apollo, when, shaking his glorious tresses, he makes the world beauteous with his brightness. The ivory of her face over-dashed with a vermillion dye, seemed like the blush that leapt from Endymion's cheeks when Cynthia courts him on the hills of Latmos. ('Ciceronis Amor' [1589], vii., pp. 105, 106.)



**THE YEOMAN AND PEASANTRY  
OF OLD ENGLAND.\***

*Enter the Justice, a townsman [of Wakefield], George a Greene, and Sir Nicholas Mannering with his commission.*

*Justice.* Master Mannering, stand aside  
whilst we confer  
What is best to do. Townsmen of  
Wakefield,  
The Earl of Kendal here hath sent for  
victuals,  
And in aiding him we show ourselves  
no less  
Than traitors to the king: therefore  
Let me hear, townsmen, what is your  
consents.

*First townsman.* Even as you please,  
we are all content.

*Justice.* Then, Master Mannering, we  
are resolved.

*Man.* As how?

*Justice.* Marry, Sir, thus.—  
We will send the Earl of Kendal no  
victuals,

\* Greene's portrayal of country life and siding with the commonalty is extremely noticeable. See Life prefixed to his Works, as before.—G.

Because he is a traitor to the king ;  
And in aiding him we'd show ourselves  
no less.

*Man.* Why, men of Wakefield, are  
you waxen mad,  
That present danger cannot whet your  
wits,

Wisely to make provision of yourselves ?  
The Earl is thirty thousand men, strong  
in power,

And what town so ever him resist  
He lays it flat and level with the ground :  
Ye silly men, you seek your own decay :  
Therefore send my lord such provision  
as he wants,

So he will spare your town  
And come no nearer Wakefield than he is.

*Justice.* Master Mannerling, you have  
your answer,  
You may be gone.

*Man.* Well, Woodroffe, for so I guess  
is thy name,  
I'll make thee curse thy overthwart  
denial ;  
And all that fit upon the bench this day  
Shall rue the hour they have withstood  
My Lord's commission.

*Justice.* Do thy worst, we fear thee  
not.

*Man.* See you these seals ? Before  
you pass the town  
I will have all things my lord doth  
want,  
In spite of you.

*George a Greene.* Proud dapper Jack,  
vail bonnet to the bench  
That represents the person of the king ;  
Or, firrha, I'll lay thy head before thy  
feet.

*Man.* Why, who art thou ?  
*George.* Why, I am George a Greene,  
True liegeman to my king ;  
Who scorns that men of such esteem as  
these,  
Should brook the braves of any traitorous  
squire :  
You of the bench, and you, my fellow  
friends,  
Neighbours, are subjects all unto the  
king ;  
We are English born, and therefore  
Edward's friends,  
Vowed unto him even in our mother's  
womb ;  
Our minds to God, our hearts unto our  
king,  
Our wealth, our homage, and our car-  
casses,

Be all King Edward's : then, firrha, we  
have

Nothing left for traitors but our swords,  
Whetted to bathe them in your bloods,  
and die

'Gainst you, before we send you any  
victuals.

*Justice.* Well spoken, George a  
Greene.

*First townsmen.* Pray let George a  
Greene speak for us.

*George,* Sirrha, you get no victuals  
here,

Not if a hoof of beef would save your  
lives.

*Man.* Fellow, I stand amaz'd at thy  
presumption :

Why, what art thou that darest gainsay  
my lord,

Knowing his mighty puissance and his  
stroke ?

Why, my friend, I come not barely of  
myself ;

For see, I have a large commission.

*George.* Let me see it, firrha.

[Takes the commission.

Whose seals be these ?

*Man.* This is the Earl of Kendal's  
seal at arms ;

This Lord Charnel Bonfield's ;  
And this Sir Gilbert Armstrong's.

*George.* I tell thee, firra, did good  
King Edward's son  
Seal a commission 'gainst the King his  
father,

Thus would I tear it in despite of him.  
[*He tears the commission.*

Being traitor to my sovereign.

*Man.* What ? Hast thou torn my  
lord's commission ?  
Thou shalt rue it, and so shall all Wake-  
field.

*George.* What, are you in choler ? I  
will give you pills  
To cool your stomach. Seest thou these  
seals ?

Now by my father's soul,  
Which was a yeoman when he was alive ;  
Eat them, or eat my dagger's point,  
proud squire.

*Man.* But thou dost but jest, I hope.

*George.* Sure that shall you see before  
we two part.

*Man.* Well, an' there be no remedy,  
so, *George.*

[*Swallows one of the seals.*  
One is gone : I pray thee no more  
now.

*George.* O, Sir,  
If one be good, the others cannot  
hurt ;  
So, Sir.

[*Mannering* swallows the other two seals.  
Now you may go and tell the Earl of  
Kendal,  
Although I have rent his large com-  
mission,

Yet of courtesy I have sent all his seals  
Back again by you.

*Man.* Well, Sir, I will do your errand.

[*Exit.*

*George.* Now let him tell his lord,  
that he hath spoke  
With George a Greene,  
Hight Pinner of merry Wakefield town;  
That hath physic for a fool,  
Pills for a traitor, that doth wrong his  
sovereign :  
Are you content with this that I have  
done ?

*Justice.* Ay, content, George :  
For highly hast thou honoured Wakefield  
town,  
In cutting of proud *Mannering* so  
short.

Come, thou shalt be my welcome guest  
to-day ;

For well thou hast deserved reward and favour. [Exeunt omnes.]  
(‘The Pinner of Wakefield’ [1599], xiv., pp. 124-129.)



### *YOUTH DEGENERATE.*

Youth, which in the golden age delighted to try their virtues in hard armours, take their only content in delicate and effeminate amours. (‘Platontomachia’ [1585], v., p. 39.)



### *WOMAN'S EYES.*

#### *A Question.*

On women Nature did bestow two eyes,  
Like heaven's bright lamps in matchless beauty shining ;  
Whose beams do soonest captivate the wife  
And wary heads made rare by Art's refining.  
But why did Nature in her choice combining

Plant two fair eyes within a beauteous  
face ?  
That they might favour two with equal  
grace.  
Venus did soothe up Vulcan with one eye,  
With th' other granted Mars his  
wished glee ;  
If she did so who Hymen did defy,  
Think love no sin but grant an eye  
to me ;  
In vain else Nature gave two stars to  
thee :  
If then two eyes may well two friends  
maintain,  
Allow of two, and prove not Nature  
vain.  
(‘Philomela’ [1592], xi., p. 142.

*Answer.*

Nature foreseeing how men would de-  
vise  
More wiles than Proteus, women to  
entice,  
Granted them two, and those bright  
shining eyes,  
To pierce into men’s faults if they  
were wise ;  
For they with show of virtue mask  
their vice :

Therefore to women's eyes belong these  
gifts,  
The one must love, the other see men's  
shifts.  
Both these await upon one simple heart,  
And what they choose, it hides up  
without change.  
The emerald will not with his portrait  
part,  
Nor will a woman's thoughts delight  
to range ;  
They hold it bad to have so bad  
exchange.  
One heart, one friend, though that two  
eyes do choose him  
No more but one, and heart will never  
lose him.

(*Ibid.*, p. 149.)



#### *THE DEAD WIFE SOON FORGOTTEN.*

*Lambert.* Why, Serlby, is thy wife so  
lately dead ?  
Are all thy loves so lightly passed over,  
As thou canst wed before the year be  
out ?

*Serlby.* I live not, Lambert, to content the dead,  
Nor was I wedded but for life to her ;  
The grave ends and begins a married state.

(‘Friar Bacon,’ xiii., p. 70.)

THE END.



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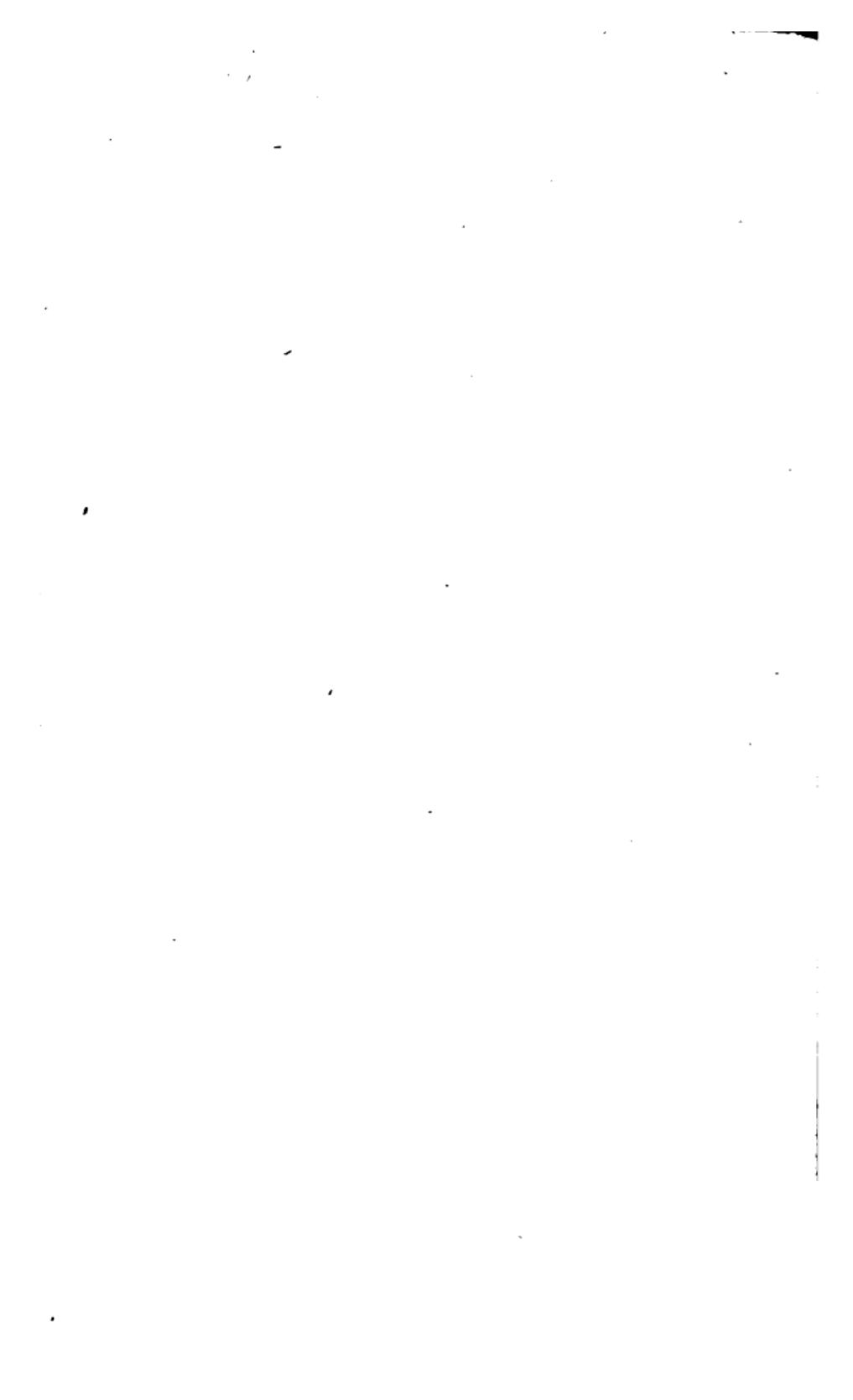
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